

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



No. 54.—VOL. III.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1856.

[PRICE 6½ CENTS.]

THE DUTY ON SUGAR.

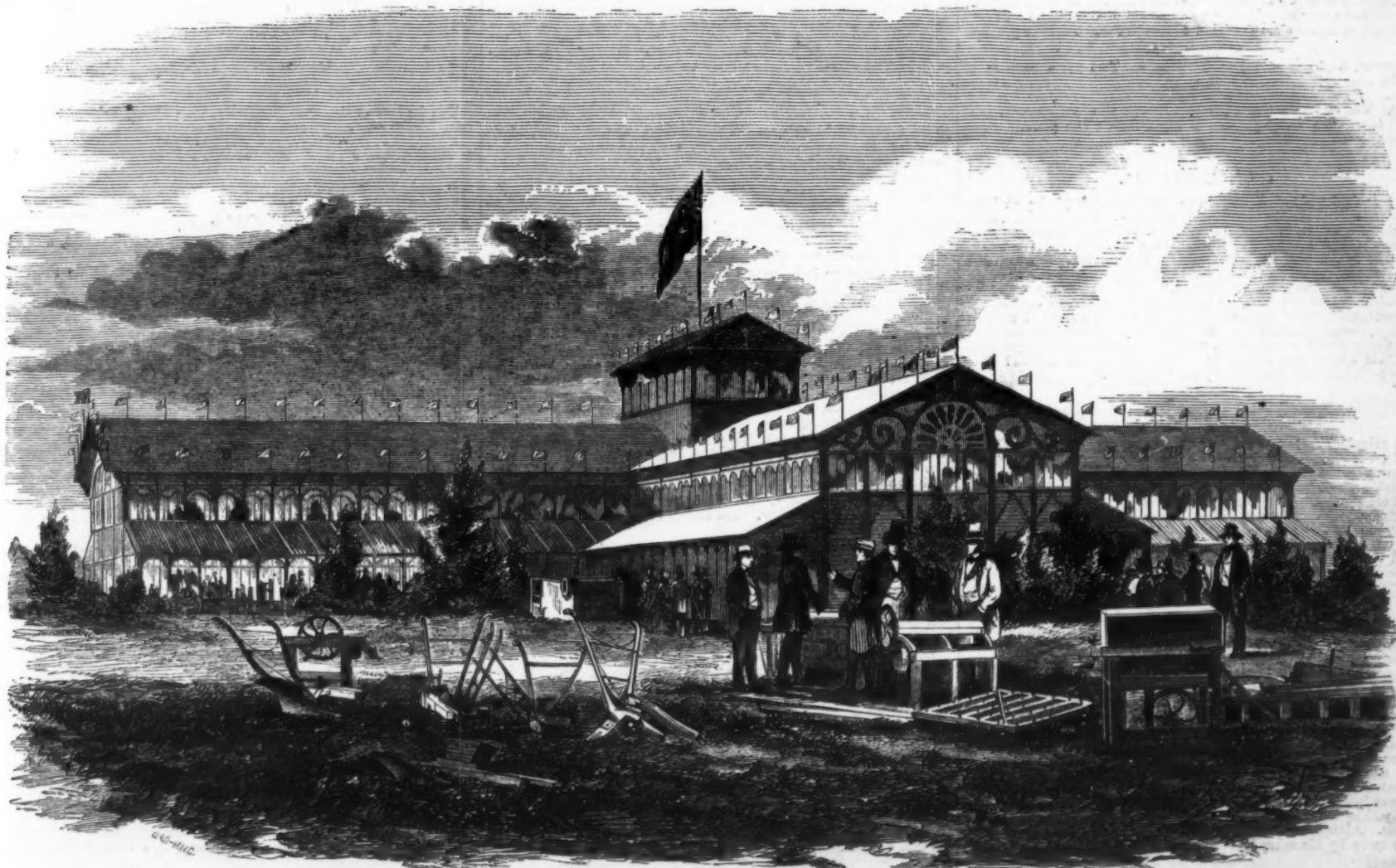
THE fact that the Secretary of Treasury, in his report, does not allude to the duties on sugar nor make the suggestion, as was generally expected, that they should be promptly removed, has created a wide-spread surprise. Within a very short time, sugar, which is one of the necessities of life, has risen so enormously in price, (more than doubled,) that, for the first time in very many years, many American families are deprived of its use, and if something is not promptly done, we see no reason why this staple article should not go still higher, until it becomes a *luxury* instead of being an article of every-day food upon the tables of the rich and poor alike. The sugar crop of Louisiana, for which this large protection is sustained, has from the beginning been, in the language of the growers themselves, "a forced crop," and has been dependent for profitable success upon the appliances of costly machinery and a personal attention from the producer, not consistent with cultivation by slave labor. To strike a blow, however, at the interest that would destroy it, would be fatal policy; for then, we should, as a nation, be entirely dependent upon foreign producers, and it is therefore better to preserve it, even at a considerable sacrifice. We should do this on the score of preserving our "national defences," for the necessities of life are as much sinews of war as are the military and naval stores belonging to our State and Federal Governments. It is well known to all who have reflected upon the subject that it has been our home crop of sugar that has kept at reasonable prices those of Havana and the neighboring islands, and the moment we should cease to have within ourselves the power to supply a part of our own consumption, Spain would immediately put an export duty upon its own crop which would probably more than maintain the present high prices. We must therefore at all hazards save what we have, but so lay the pro-

tection that it shall be more direct than at present, and, consequently, more clearly understood. So long as sugar remained at a reasonable price in spite of the duties imposed upon its importation, the people of the country were not disposed to complain that they were slightly taxed for the preservation of an important home industrial interest; but now that the sugar crop of the United States has reached its maximum of production, and is rapidly declining in importance; and, furthermore, now that the sugar crops of Cuba and the West India Islands are less abundant than in times past, there cannot be a shadow of reason why a heavy duty should be longer paid, particularly to support a government, the treasury of which is already so full that its guardian angel advertises that he will pay a premium for warrants against its overflowing coffers. The tendency of national legislation since Mr. Polk's election has been to free trade; one impost after another has been entirely stricken from our statute books, or modified until they were nominal in effect; but the old duty of sugar, which comes directly to the consumer, still remains intact, and has now become an insupportable burden. A few years ago, however, Louisiana sugar was a prominent article among the receipts of New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore; but so much has the crop fallen off in quantity, and so rapidly has the demand grown up for it in the "Great West," that the entire crop may be said to literally ascend the Mississippi, scarcely supplying half the demand of the Western States alone, leaving the Atlantic tier dependent entirely upon foreign importations. It is not wholly true that the cultivation of sugar has not extended in Louisiana and Florida because of the high price of slave labor, but the reason is radical and organic—the climate of these States demands such constant replanting that one-third of all the cane raised of a crop never abundant, is returned annually to the ground for seed. This fact, with the constant recurring accident of "untimely frosts," causes

the culture to be uncertain and unsatisfactory, and it is problematical with all the protection sugar has received in the United States, whether it is now on a paying foundation, and is not an interest bankrupt in the very necessity of things.

We are in favor, as is our President elect, of discriminating tariffs, and we would put them wherever they could be placed without doing injustice to the majority and with advantage to our home interests, but the home sugar crop has, by our enormous increase of population, become an interest too small to look for sustenance by a tax upon the whole nation. The time has come when the duty should be unequivocally repealed; and that no injustice may be done to our friends in the South, a bounty should be given on every hogshead of sugar produced, so that the encouragement for its continued production may come direct from the treasury, and not be collected, as is now the case, by an indirect, and we conceive under the circumstances, unjust tax upon the whole country.

No class of persons engaged in agricultural pursuits has ever displayed the same energy and intelligence as have our sugar planters. From necessity, they have been large capitalists—commanding liberal resources; the effect has been to render them enlightened and comprehensive, and their plantations have ever been the seat of hospitality, where labor has been dignified and the higher pursuits of the mechanical arts and chemistry, applied to the most practical things of life, are most happily illustrated. It is a notorious fact that a large part of the proceeds of the sugar planter's labor comes to the North, and finds its way into the pockets of the machinist, for no business demands a greater amount of expensive machinery in proportion to the capital invested, than the sugar plantation. The cotton planter has a crop exactly suited to climate and soil. The process of cultivation is after the most primitive manner, the ma-



GREAT FAIR AT TORONTO, CANADA WEST CRYSTAL PALACE BUILDING. SEE NEXT PAGE.

chinery used is simple in its construction, and not liable to get out of repair. The cotton planter at starting does not require costly buildings nor a large amount of money; in fact, he has by virtue of geographical location a monopoly that cannot be interfered with, and which is of itself so gigantic in its results that it defies competition. All this is different with the sugar planter; large capital is necessary to make a commencement, and he is obliged to depend upon numerous contingencies for final success. But the vast results the American sugar planter has accomplished, in spite of the obstacles with which he is surrounded, are perhaps as fine exhibitions of energy and determination to overcome artificial and natural obstacles as our annals of national enterprise afford.

GREAT FAIR BUILDING AT TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

SOME weeks ago, we gave a series of views illustrating some of the most important points of interest in the city of Toronto, capital of Canada West, and decidedly the most flourishing city in British America. Among the interesting things noticed by our correspondent was the holding of the Great Fair, which brought together the industrial and mechanical interests of the provinces, and made a display which equally surprised even the most sanguine friends of the originators of the exhibition. The building erected was an imitation, on a small scale, of the famed Crystal Palace of London, and, for the purposes designed, gave ample scope for the treasures which were arranged in its interior. Our view will give our readers a vivid idea of its size and architectural merits, and let the people of the "States" see that "progress" is not altogether their monopoly on the "North American Continent," that their very atmosphere induces our race to be free, vigorous, inventive, and ahead-going, just as the atmosphere of Italy makes its men lazzaroni, beggars, and victims of superstition. Toronto is rich in buildings devoted to public purposes, in halls, in universities, in hospitals, in banks, in asylums, in splendid churches, and in religious societies belonging to the several Christian denominations. The town was founded in 1794, and though its progress was not very rapid at first, having only four thousand inhabitants in 1832, yet in 1855 it contained a population of over fifty-five thousand, showing an advancement beyond any precedence on this continent, save perhaps in the Western United States.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

POLITICAL affairs remain quiet, all rumors as to the instability of the Anglo-French Alliance having disappeared; consequently the funds have gone up as much as one per cent. Two ships had arrived at Liverpool with specie amounting to about \$6,500,000. The British Government is generously aiding the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, having ordered a steamer to survey the Irish coast and sound across the ocean; also guaranteeing interest at four per cent. per annum on the capital required to make and lay the cables. The contractors have agreed to finish and ship the cables by the 31st of May next. France has concluded a commercial treaty with the Sandwich Islands. The expected arrangement between the Spanish Bourbons had failed. Its object was the abdication of the Queen, and the marriage of her daughter to Don Juan, the eldest son of the Infanta. A Republican outbreak occurred at Malaga, but was speedily suppressed by killing five of the insurgents. It was said not to be a political movement, but intended for smuggling purposes. Several persons had been arrested and executed. The elections in Lisbon had been unfavorable to the Government. Nothing new about the Neapolitan question, except that the Governor of Palermo had ordered a strict surveillance upon French and English commercial vessels. Denmark has been notified that the Sound Dues question will be brought before the Germanic Diet on the 10th of December. Should Denmark fail to be represented, it is said that England has agreed to pay Denmark a capital sum equal to a revenue of £45,000 per annum. The British now pay in tolls about £70,000 a year. There is nothing of importance from other parts, except that the attempt to effect with Lord Redcliffe a settlement of the disputes between England and Persia had failed.

MEXICO.

The news from Northern Mexico is interesting and important. Vidaurri had succeeded in defeating the government forces sent against him. While thus engaged at Monterey, however, a force had made its appearance in his rear, and had taken Camargo, on the Rio Grande. Since the receipt of this intelligence, a telegraphic despatch has reached us from New Orleans announcing that the Mexican Consul in that city had received official information of the final defeat of Vidaurri, and that he had been so badly whipped that he had acknowledged the government of Comonfort. If this be true, it settles the revolution in Northern Mexico for the present.

WEST INDIES.

Havana, business was improving here. Two more cargoes of Asiatic apprentices had arrived, emigrant contract slaves for eight years. The whole number introduced under the last contract is over 7,000. The vessels (British) which brought the last cargoes, delivered 448. On the voyage sixty-two perished. The general news is unimportant.

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE principal topic of discussion in both branches of the national legislature has been the President's Message. In the Senate, after the election of Mr. Hill as chaplain, Mr. Bigler entered upon a defence of the President. In answer to a question relative to the policy of Mr. Buchanan, he stated that the people of Kansas must settle the question of slavery for themselves. In the House the debate has been on the same subject, and was extremely animated. The admission of Whitfield as a delegate from Kansas opened the interminable slavery discussion, and the debate has been nothing but nigger—nigger—nigger. Why can't our National Solons leave off talking about abstractions, "glittering and sounding generalities," for awhile, and attend to the business of the nation? Are there no interests in the country but "niggers?"

FINANCIAL.

THE principal feature of the stock market is the failure of Jacob Little, the "Great Bear of Wall street." This calamity was announced at the Board, occasioning universal regret. The recent favorable news from Europe; the "let up" in the local money market; the influx of gold from California and Australia; the highly favorable condition of the United States Treasury; and the great prosperity of this country and of the world, all combined to upset the "Bear" calculations and operations of the financial king of Wall street, and he has once more been compelled to succumb to the concatenation of unforeseen circumstances. But Mr. Little is the Napoleon of Financiers; and with the agility of a cat, always falls on his feet, and makes, in military phrase, "a smart recover."

The entire street is friendly to him; and the members of the Board (half of whom have made their fortunes through his aid and operations) will make a speedy compromise, and Jacob will be himself again. His liabilities are said to be magnificent—running into millions; and his assets are almost, if not quite, equally sublime. A turn in the tide will again float him buoyantly upon the sea of speculation. Other suspensions, it is said, must follow Mr. Little's, "like a row of bricks," and there is quite a panic among the stock operators of Wall street. The *Tribune* says:

Mr. Little's liabilities must be very large, his contracts being variously estimated to reach from five to ten millions, and his losses, paid and unpaid, recently at half a million to a million. Three houses alone are reported to have claims upon him to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, and one of these parties has paid him within the year some two hundred thousand dollars of differences. Always a Bear in railroad stocks, Mr. Little has probably done more by his sales of imaginary stocks to depress the market

value of railroad property than any other person or event. His business has been to an immense extent, frequently buying and selling half a million of stocks in a day, and requiring the clearest and most comprehensive grasp of mind to manage it.

And the *Times* moralizes thus:

The cautious and conservative men of the Stock Exchange were appalled by the dashing boldness of his operations, and the weak and infirm of purpose, as well as the intelligent jobbers of his own way of thinking, were seduced into his lead by his apparent great success. In this way the Bearish rule of the street became chronic, and the resulting false estimate of the value of public securities made to tell upon the whole country. The oldest of the commission brokers were reluctant to buy while he was selling. Orders on time were either discouraged or executed misgivingly and cash orders filled not without a shrug of doubt as to the wisdom of the purchase.

A general decline in all speculative stocks has followed as a consequence of Mr. Little's suspension.

There is a continued expansion of the line of loans and of deposits shown by the weekly statement of the banks below:

	Loans & Dis.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
Nov. 29	\$105,536,476	\$12,110,834	\$8,610,256	\$88,524,264
Dec. 6	106,893,534	12,278,345	3,671,753	91,698,784
Increase	\$1,357,058	167,511	\$61,502	\$3,174,520

The capital of the Bank of Commerce is increased to \$7,000,000 by the voluntary full payments in stock upon which only 20 per cent. have been called.

The activity in changing loans is still considerable, and there is rather more difficulty in finding money. The features of the market are much the same as last week. The large stock and exchange houses are moderately easy, but the banks appear less disposed to lend. There is a good demand at the note-brokers for paper, and desirable signatures, four and six months, go at 8 a 9 per cent., with occasionally a piece of gilt edged at 7 per cent.

The annual report of the Federal Treasury Department affords the highly satisfactory, and in the magnitude of the sum, unexpected information that the foreign trade of the country for the treasury year ending 30th June last, shows a balance in favor of the United States of \$12,324,976. The previous semi-official returns had authorized the confident estimate that this balance would be at least five millions of dollars; but as the figures for the last quarter were not known, except for the port of New York, and as the general trade of the country at that period—April 1 to June 30—has gone ahead of the most sanguine calculations, we have now the pleasure of congratulating our financial readers upon a precise official result for the whole year, the magnitude of which has no parallel in the history of the government. The figures, compared with the previous year, are:

	1856.	1855.
Export Trade	\$326,964,918	\$275,256,846
Import Trade	314,639,942	261,382,960

The receipts into the State Treasury of Pennsylvania, during the year ending the 30th ult., amounted to \$6,652,729, and the expenditures to \$5,377,142, leaving a balance of \$1,244,795.

OBITUARY.

CITY MORTALITY.—The City Inspector reports 397 deaths for the past week, being a decrease of thirteen compared with the mortality of the week previous. The following is a comparison of the number of deaths for the past two weeks:

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Week ending Nov. 29.	64	76	142	128	410
Week ending Dec. 1.	66	76	131	124	397

Mr. Robert Maywood, father of Fanny Maywood, the danseuse, died on Monday morning, Dec. 1, at the Marshall Infirmary, in Troy, N. Y., of paralysis. Mr. Maywood was seventy years of age, and had been a patient at the infirmary for nearly two years. Some years ago he was well known as an actor of no mean talent, and performed engagements in all the prominent theatres in this country and England. He has two daughters, well known as dramatic performers—Mrs. Sydney Wilkens and Miss Alice Maywood, who at last accounts was performing an engagement at the Haymarket theatre, in London. Mr. Maywood returned to this country from Italy, about two years since, with a deranged intellect and a broken heart, consequent upon the fact that his daughter was living in a palatial mansion in Italy, courted and feted as the favorite of a wealthy nobleman, who had exacted the heavy price of her honor as a compensation for this life of luxurious indolence.

ARMY.

GEN. PERSIFER F. SMITH, commanding the military department of the West, writes to the War Department, that order and tranquillity have gradually resumed their sway in Kansas. The border ruffians having been quieted, the troops in the Territory, with the exception of a squadron of dragoons and one company of infantry, who are to remain and guard the State prisoners, are henceforth to devote themselves to making preparations for a campaign against the Cheyenne Indians in the spring. The winter in Kansas has commenced with severity much earlier than usual.

NAVY.

THIRTY-FIVE workmen were discharged from the Charlestown Navy Yard last week in consequence of no work; twenty-five were carpenters. The repairs on the Cumberland are nearly completed.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

THE Hon. Thomas H. Benton and Col. Fremont will be present at the dinner of the New England Society, in this city, Dec. 22d. A Bentonian speech may be expected.

Missouri reports indicate the success of a coalition by which Col. Benton of the Benton party and the Hon. Luther M. Kennett (American) of the present House are to be chosen United States Senators.

There is a candid, not to say spicy editor in an Ohio town, who wants to sell out, because (as he says confidentially in a printed circular) "he is dissatisfied with the town and the people who inhabit it; and he believes the people are equally dissatisfied with him; besides, there is a great deal too much meanness and ignorance among them to suit him." There is an eligible opening for some agreeable young man.

A caucus of the Virginia Congressional delegation was held at Washington, last week, at which they declared their preference for Mr. Bockock, should Mr. Buchanan think proper to give Virginia a cabinet appointment.

The weather is wintry. On the Lakes and along the Western border there is some snow. The canals are closed. In the city it is windy and cold.

The President has purchased the "Brick Church property," occupying the triangle formed by Park Row, Beekman, and Nassau streets, in this city, for the sum of \$450,000. This will put into the pockets of Messrs. Wesley, Jones, James, etc., a profit of about \$150,000, after allowing \$40,000 for lobbying expenses.

A serious railroad collision occurred, this week, at Alliance, Ohio, by which ten persons were killed and several wounded.

In the case of the crew of the alleged slaver *Panchita*, under trial in the United States District Court, for serving on board of that vessel, the judge charged the jury that as there was not sufficient legal testimony to convict the prisoners, they should render a verdict of acquittal, which they accordingly did. The crew were mainly Spanish and Portuguese.

George W. Tuttle, the proprietor of Tuttle's Emporium in Broadway, died on Saturday last, from congestion of the lungs. Mr. Tuttle was the inventor of the well-known Baby Jumper. He took out the patent for the invention some ten years ago, and has realized a profit on the same of over \$60,000! He died worth \$100,000. He was only 39 years old at his death, and was unmarried. His remains have been taken to New Haven for interment, where his parents reside.

A meeting of two hundred clergymen took place at Boston recently, at which a resolution was adopted declaring that emigration to Kansas was an agent of wonderful efficiency in the expansion of freedom, education, and the institutions of the Gospel.

Star gazers have a rich feast now on clear nights. Venus, Mars, and Jupiter are in full glory, while an unusual number of the larger fixed stars are brilliantly conspicuous, such as Sirius, Capella, Regel, Procyon, Fomalhaut, Altair, Castor, Pollux, Vega, and a host of lesser lights.

Mr. A. P. Cook has arrived at Washington from Arizona, the new Territory formed out of the Gadsden purchase from Mexico. He brings with him his credentials, and will claim a seat in the House as delegate from that Territory. He reports the population of Arizona at from ten to fifteen thousand persons, and that the Territory will make a State about as large as Pennsylvania.

Private letters from London bring the most discouraging accounts of the health of Dr. Kane. He is very pale—much reduced in flesh—and his night sweats are "terrible." His cough also is alarming. His physician had enjoined him to leave for a warmer climate as soon as possible, and he was accordingly to sail on Monday, the 17th Nov., for St. Thomas and Havana.

There have been twenty-six sea-going vessels reported to have been totally lost, during the past month of November, involving a loss of \$1,375,800. Value of vessels, \$427,000; cargoes, \$948,800. But one life was reported lost—a seaman.

The editor of the *American Celt* consoles himself with the fact, that in the famous article by Archbishop Hughes in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, entitled "Reflections and suggestions in regard to what is called the Catholic Press," a paragraph on a prize-fight, not extending in all to a dozen lines, is its only passage which the Archbishop feels bound expressly to censure, although the *American Celt* will shortly complete the fourth year of its series. A dozen lines in four years does not, surely, says the editor in high glee, exceed the ordinary limits of editorial error.

Voltaire said that ideas were like beads—women and young men had none.

George W. Curtis, Esq., the distinguished author, and Miss Annie Shaw, daughter of Francis G. Shaw, Esq., were married last week at the house of the bride's father, on Staten Island, by Rev. Mr. Parkman.

Florence Nightingale has lately been on a visit to the Queen at her palace in Balmoral, Scotland. During her stay, she was always seated next the Queen, who is said to have fired a continuous volley of questions at her about the sick and wounded soldiers in the Crimea and in the hospitals at Scutari. Miss Nightingale, who is thirty-five years old, is represented as delicate in appearance, slight in frame, and remarkably quiet in manner.

It is said that John A. King, the Governor elect, has leased the old Manor House of Stephen Van Rensselaer, at the head of Broadway, Albany. The *Argus* says the residence is out of the city, and altogether an undesirable executive mansion.

Heretofore lights have been displayed on vessels at sea to tell their whereabouts; but Capt. West, of the new steamer *Adriatic*, has reversed the old-fashioned method by the introduction of a powerful Calcium light, which is to be placed in the top of the forward wheel-house, so that he can see in every direction at a distance of ten miles. Instead of depending upon others to see him, to avoid a collision at sea, he intends to keep a sharp look out himself.

In pursuance of the action of the Georgia Legislature, the Governor of that State has appointed Mr. Hunter, an experienced engineer of Milledgeville, to survey the Okefenokee Swamp, for the purpose of determining, among other things, the feasibility of draining it, and thus preparing the way for its sale and cultivation. That great body of waste land contains about half a million of acres of the richest soil in Georgia. It lies between the rivers St. Mary and Suwannee. The question to be determined is, whether the bed of the swamp is higher than either of these, so as to admit of the water being drained into either or both.

The trot between Lancet and Brown Dick, in harness, for a stake of four thousand dollars, took place this week on the Centerville Course, Long Island. The race was won easily by Lancet, in three straight heats. The time made was nothing remarkable, and did not quite come up to the expectations of the public, who were under the impression that this would be the quickest trot of the season. The figures are 2:33—2:34—2:38.

A Democratic banquet was given in Faneuil Hall, Boston, last week, in honor of the Presidential victory. The hall was finely decorated. The tables were bountifully spread, and the speeches and other exercises generally jubilant. Oliver Frost presided. Among the speakers were Hon. John S. Wells, Collector Peaslee, Col. J. H. George, B. F. Hallett, and several other prominent gentlemen. The festival was kept up till a late hour.

The annual expense of a soldier in the United States Army is about \$1,343. Of the money that is raised to pay it, New York raises one-half. The 700 dragoons, therefore, whom we employ to enforce the bloody Missouri Code in Kansas, cost us in this State just \$470,350 a year. We might complete the enlargement of the Erie Canal and pay off the State debt with this money; but our rulers prefer that it shall go toward hanging and shooting New York and New England men for being too fond of freedom.

THE LABOR OF GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA.—The *Nord*, of Brussels, contains the following from its Moscow correspondent:

The labor of leaving Russia is one worthy of Hercules. In order to obtain a passport at St. Petersburg I have been compelled to undergo the following torture:

1. To be announced three times in the public journals.
2. To obtain a certificate of the execution of this formality.
3. To carry this certificate to the police magistrate of the quarter, who furnished me with a second certificate.
4. To betake myself to the bureau of Prince Dalgorouki, where this certificate was exchanged for a countermark.
5. To go to the bureau d'address, where another certificate was given me.
6. To run to the Governor General, who furnishes me with a passport.
7. To exhibit this passport to the steam packet office before taking a passage. I was particularly fortunate, for the accomplishment of the above formalities took up only three days; many others have been detained three weeks.

LYNCH LAW IN KANSAS.—A gentleman from the southern part of Kansas informs us that one of those acts not unusual in all the new Territories of the West recently occurred on Potawatamie Creek, in Kansas Territory. Various robberies had been committed in that region. The people turned out and apprehended two persons who were believed to be concerned in robbing a peaceable citizen named Briscoe Davis of all his property, and the widow Cornett of \$110 in cash, a horse and all her property. After due examination, they were hung with the ropes taken from the necks of the animals stolen by them. One of the men thus hanged by virtue of Lynch law is supposed to have borne the name of Partridge, and has been quite a conspicuous character in that Territory. The name of the other was not known. These men, it is said, were hanged for robbery and other crimes committed by them, and not from any political consideration.—*St. Louis Republican*, 14th November.

WHAT STRING TO PULL.—The office seeking portion of the Democratic party in this city, seem to be somewhat obfuscated in regard to the influence to be brought to bear upon Mr. Buchanan. They don't know exactly what string to pull—nor who sleeps with the President elect. We are inclined to think that the chief magistrate of the great metropolis of the nation and his "legal adviser," who polled the largest vote, (42,000,) that was ever given to a candidate in this city, will be considered by Mr. Buchanan as the legitimate representatives of the Democracy in this municipal jurisdiction.

THE NEW CENT PIECES.—The idea entertained by some that no new cent pieces have been manufactured is a mistake. Congress passed a law authorizing their coinage, but neglected to provide for their issue. The consequence is, that a "heap" of them are now at the Philadelphia mint awaiting the order of Congress to circulate. They are about the size of the half-cent circulated fifteen or sixteen years ago, and are composed of copper, nickel and zinc.

MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS. Pythagorean philosophers. When Damon was condemned to death by the tyrant Dionysius of Syracuse, he obtained leave to go and settle some domestic affairs, on a promise of returning at the appointed time of execution, and Pythias being surety for the performance of his engagement. When the fatal hour approached, Damon had not appeared, and Pythias surrendered himself, and was led away to execution; but at this critical moment Damon returned to redeem his pledge. Dionysius was so struck with the fidelity of these friends, that he remitted the sentence, and entreated them to permit him to share their friendship, 387 B. C.

LANGUAGE. Language must either have been revealed originally from heaven, or it is the fruit of human invention. The latter opinion is embraced by Horace, Laetius, Cicero, and most of the Greek and Roman writers; the former opinion by the great majority of the Jews and Christians, and the profoundest philosophers of France and England. It has been affirmed that Hebrew was the language spoken by Adam; but others deny this, and say that the Hebrew, Chaldean, and Arabic, are only dialects of the original, which has for many ages been lost and unknown. Pammilius, the powerful, desiring to know the most ancient language and people on the earth, caused two children to be kept from all knowledge of the use of speech, until they were two years old: they were then brought into his presence, and they both pronounced the sound *becos*, the Phœnician term for *bread*. He, therefore, gave the Phœnician the precedence, in point of antiquity, to all other nations, 647 B. C.

LADY DAY. This festival, the 25th March, was instituted about A. D. 350, according to some authorities, and not before the seventh century according to others. On this day, the 25th of March, the angel Gabriel brought to the Virgin Mary the message concerning her son Jesus; hence it is called the Annunciation, and is celebrated in the Catholic Church as one of its chief feasts; and in the Reformed Church also, on account of the connection between the circumstance commemorated and the Incarnation. In England, before the alteration of the style, the new year began on the 25th of March.

HOSPODAR. A title borne by the princes of Wallachia and Moldavia, who receive the investiture of their principalities from the grand seignior. He gives them a vest and standard: they are under his protection, and obliged to serve him, and he even sometimes deposes them; but in other respects they are absolute sovereigns within their own dominions.

HOURIS. The name given by the Europeans to the imaginary beings whose company in the Mohammedan paradise is to form the principal felicity of the believers. The name is derived from *hūr al-ayn*, signifying *black-eyed*. They are represented in the Koran as most beautiful virgins, with complexions like rubies and pearls, and possessed of every intellectual and corporeal charm. They are not created of clay, as mortal women, but of pure musk; and are endowed with immortal youth, and immunity from the diseases and defects of ordinary beings.

OLYMPIC GAMES. The greatest of the national festivals of Greece, celebrated once every four years at Olympia, or Pisa, in Elis, in honor of Olympian Jupiter. Their institution is variously attributed to Jupiter, Pelops, and Hercules; but it appears that they had fallen into disuse for some time, till they were revived by Iphitus, 776 B. C. From this period it is that the Olympiads are reckoned. Like the other public festivals, the Olympian Games might be attended by all who bore the Hellenic name; and such was their universal celebrity, that spectators quaternally crowded to witness them, not only from all parts of Greece itself, but from every Grecian colony in Europe, Asia and Africa. In these games, none were allowed to contend but those who could prove that they were freemen of genuine Hellenic origin, and unstained by crime or immorality.

MOGRABIANS, OR MEN OF THE WEST. A name formerly given to a species of Turkish infantry, composed of the peasants of the northern parts of Africa, who sought to ameliorate their condition by entering into foreign service.

MOLINISM. In Roman Catholic theology, a system of opinions on the subject of grace and predestination somewhat resembling that advocated by the Arminian party among Protestants. It derived its name from the Jesuit Louis Molina, professor of theology in the University of Evora in Portugal.

ONEIROCRITICS. The science of interpreting dreams: treated of by Artemidorus, Macrobius, and other classical writers; by Thomas Aquinas, and others of the schoolmen; and, among many other moderns, by Cardanus, and Maio, a Neapolitan philosopher. According to all these writers, the secret of oneirocritical science consists in the relation supposed to exist between the dream and the thing signified; but they are far from keeping to the relations of agreement and similitude, and they frequently have recourse to others of dissimilitude and contrariety.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A THRILLING EVENT.

THE subjoined narrative, published originally in *Chambers Journal*, is stated to have been translated from a foreign newspaper. It is necessary to remind the reader, that the Island of Mauritius, appertaining at this day to the English, was originally colonized by the French, and that the population yet consists in a great measure of persons of that nation, to whom, by a formal treaty between the powers concerned, their ancient laws and usages were preserved without any material alterations.

About twelve years ago, the Sieur Clodomir Frenois, a rich merchant of the island, was found dead and frightfully disfigured in his own habitation. His body was discovered lying on the floor, with the head and face mutilated by a pistol, and all doubt as to the cause of the catastrophe was dispelled by the discovery of the fatal weapon by the side of the corpse, as also of a piece of paper in the handwriting of the deceased. This paper contained the following words:

"I am ruined. A villain has robbed me of twenty-five thousand livres sterling, dishonor must be my portion and I cannot survive it. I leave to my wife the task of distributing among my creditors the means which remain to us; and I pray God, my friends, and my enemies, may pardon my self-destruction. Yet another minute and I shall be in eternity!"

(Signed)

CLODOMIR FRENOIS."

Great consternation was caused by this tragic event, which was the more unexpected, as the loss alluded to in the above note had never been made public. The deceased had been held in great esteem over the colony, as a man of strict honor and probity, and was universally lamented. His attached widow, after endeavoring faithfully to fulfill his last wishes, found her grief too overpowering to permit her to mingle longer with the world, and took the resolution to consecrate her remaining days to the services of religion. Two months after the sad end of her husband, she entered a convent, leaving to a nephew of the late merchant, a physician, the charge of completing the distribution of the effects of Frenois among his creditors.

A minute examination of the papers of the defunct led to the discovery of the period when the unfortunate merchant had been robbed; and this period was found to correspond with the date of the disappearance of a man, named John Moon, being in the employment of Frenois. Of this man, on whom suspicion not unnaturally fell, nothing could be learned on inquiry; but shortly after the division of the late merchant's property, Moon reappeared in the colony. When taken up and examined respecting the cause of his flight, he stated that he had been sent by his master to France to recover certain sums due to the merchant there, in which mission he had been unsuccessful. He further averred, that if Clodomir Frenois in his existing correspondence had thrown any injurious suspicions upon him, (Moon,) the whole was but a pretext to account for the deficiencies of which the merchant himself was the cause and author. This declaration, made by a man who seemed to fear no inquiry, and whose worldly circumstances remained to appearance the same as they had ever been, had the effect of silencing, if it did not satisfy, the examiners; and the affair soon fell, in a great measure, out of the public recollection.

Things remained for a short time in this condition, when one morning, Mr. William Burnett, principal creditor of the late Clodomir Frenois, heard a knocking at his gate at a very early hour. He called up one of his servants, who went down and opened the door, and immediately returned with the intelligence that a stranger, who seemed desirous of keeping his person concealed, wished to speak with Mr. Burnett in private. Mr. Burnett rose, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended to the parlor. He saw there a stranger of tall person, seated in an easy and familiar attitude upon a sofa, with a number of the *Morning Post* in his hand. The back of the visitor was turned to Mr. Burnett as he entered. Rather surprised to see a stranger conduct himself so like an old friend of the house, Mr. Burnett said aloud:

"Sir, may I beg to know your business with me?"

The stranger turned round and advanced to salute his host warmly and courteously. Mr. Burnett started back, and uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and alarm. Well he might; for before his eyes stood his friend and debtor, Clodomir Frenois, whom he had

beheld, nearly a year before, a mutilated corpse, and whom he himself had followed to the grave!

What passed at that interview, between Mr. Burnett and his strange visitor, remained a secret. Mr. Burnett was observed to issue several times, pale and agitated, from his dwelling, and to visit the magistrate charged with the criminal processes of the colony. In the course of that day, while John Moon was regaling himself with tea under the palm trees of his garden along with a Circassian female, whom he had purchased some time previously, he was arrested and taken to prison by the officers of justice.

On the following day he was brought before the criminal court, accused with robbing the late Clodomir Frenois, the crime being conjoined with breach of trust and violence. Moon smiled at the charge with all the confidence of a man who had nothing to fear. The judge having demanded of him if he confessed the crime, the accused replied that the charge was altogether absurd; that clear testimony was necessary to fix such a delict upon him, that so far from there being such evidence producible, neither the widow of the deceased, nor any one person in his service had ever heard the pretended robbery even once mentioned by Frenois during his life.

"Do you affirm your innocence?" repeated the judge gravely, after hearing all the other had to say.

"I will avouch my innocence," replied Moon, "even before the body of my late master, if that be necessary."

[Such a thing often took place under the old colonial law.]

"John Moon," said the judge, in a voice broken by some peculiar emotion, it is before your late master that you will have to assert your innocence, and may God make the truth to appear!"

A signal from the judge accompanied these words, and immediately a door opened, and Clodomir Frenois, the supposed suicide, entered the court. He advanced to the bar with a slow and deliberate step, having his eye calmly, sternly fixed on the prisoner, his servant. A great sensation was caused in court by his appearance. Uttering shrieks of alarm and horror, the females present fled from the spot. The accused fell on his knees in abject terror, and, shuddering, confessed his guilt. For a time no voice was heard but his. However, as it became apparent that a living man stood before his court, the advocate of the prisoner gained courage to speak. He demanded that the identity of the merchant be established, and the mystery of his existence be explained. He said that the court must not be biased by what might prove to be a mere accidental likeness between a person living and one deceased; and that such an avowal as that of the prisoner, extracted in a moment of extraordinary terror, was not to be held of much weight.

"Before being admitted here as an accuser or witness," continued the advocate, addressing the resuscitated merchant, "prove who and what you are, and disclose by what chance the tomb, which so lately received your body, mangled with bullets, has given up its tenant, and restored you to the world in life and health?"

The firm appeal of the advocate, who continued steadfast to his duty under circumstances that would have closed the lips of most men, called forth the following narrative from Clodomir Frenois:

"My story may soon be told, and will suffice to establish my identity. When I discovered the robbery committed by the accused, he had then fled from the island, and I speedily saw that attempts to retake him would prove fruitless. I saw ruin and disgrace before me, and came to the resolution of terminating my life before the evil day came. On the night in which this determination was formed, I was seated alone in my private chamber. I had written the letter which was found on my table, and had loaded my pistol. This done, I prayed for forgiveness from my Maker for the act I was about to commit. The end of the pistol was at my head, and my finger on the lock, when a knock at the outer door of the house startled me. I concealed my weapon and went to the door. A man entered, whom I recognized to be the sexton of the parish in which I lived. He bore a sack on his shoulders, and in it the body of a man newly buried, which was destined for my nephew, the physician, then living with me. The scarcity of bodies for dissection, as the court is aware, compels those who are anxious to acquire skill in the medical profession to procure them by any possible secret means. The sexton was at first alarmed when he met me. 'Did my nephew request you to bring this body?' said I. 'No,' replied the man; 'but I know his anxiety to obtain one for dissection, and took it upon me to offer him this body.' 'For mercy's sake,' continued the sexton, do not betray me, sir, or I shall lose my situation and my family's bread."

"While this man was thus speaking, a strange idea entered my mind, and brought to my despairing bosom hopes of continued life and honor. I stood for a few moments absorbed in thought, and gave to the resurrectionist the sum which he had expected. Telling him to keep his own counsel, and that all would be well, I sent him away and carried the body to my cabinet. The whole of the household had been sent out of the way on purpose, and I had time to carry into execution the plan which had struck me. The body was fortunately of the same stature as myself, and like me in complexion. I knew the man; he had been a poor offender, abandoned by his family. 'Poor relic of mortality!' said I, with tears in my eyes, 'nothing which man may do can now injure thee; yet pardon me if I rudely disfigure thy lifeless substance. It is to prevent the ruin of not one but twenty families! And should success attend my attempt, I swear that thy children shall be my children; and, when my hour comes, we shall rest together in the tomb to which thou shalt be borne before me!'"

At this portion of the merchant's narrative, the most lively interest was excited in court, and testified even by tears from many of the audience. Frenois then proceeded:

"I then stripped off my clothes and dressed the body in them. This accomplished, I then took up the pistol, and with a hand more reluctant than when I applied it to my own person, I fired it close to the head of the deceased, and at once caused such a disfigurement as rendered it impossible for the keenest eye to detect the substitution which had been made.

"Choosing the plainest habit I could get, I then dressed myself anew, shaved off the whiskers which I was accustomed to wear, and took other means to alter and disguise my appearance, in case of being subjected by any accident to the risk of betrayal. Next morning saw me on board a French vessel on my way to a distant land—the native country of my ancestors. The expectations which had led me to the execution of this scheme were not disappointed. I knew John Moon was the man who robbed me, and who now stands at the bar of this court, and that he had formed connections in this island which would in all probability bring him back to it as soon as the intelligence of my death gave him the promise of security. In this I have not been disappointed. I have been equally fortunate in other respects. While my unworthy servant remained here in imaginary safety, I have been successful in discovering the quarter in which, not daring at first to betray the appearance of wealth, he had lodged the whole of the stolen money. I have brought it with me, and also sufficient proofs, supposing his confession of this day to be set aside altogether, to convict him of the crime with which he stands charged. By the same means," continued Clodomir Frenois with a degree of honorable pride, in which all who heard him sympathized, "will I be enabled to restore my family to their place in society, and to redeem the credit of a name on which no blot was left by those who bore it before me, and which, please God, I shall transmit unstained to my children and my children's children."

The news of Clodomir Frenois' reappearance spread rapidly, and the high esteem in which his character was held led to a universal rejoicing on the occasion. He was accompanied from the court to his home by a dense multitude who welcomed him with prolonged shouts. It would be vain to attempt any description of the feelings of his wife who was thus restored to the beloved being for whose sake she had quitted the world. She was released from ecclesiastical vows and rejoined her husband, no more to part till the grave really claimed one or the other of them.

HOW PAT BURKE ARRESTED HIS OWN CORPSE—A

CURIOUS CASE.

Nor often does one see his own funeral. Charles V. of Spain did, and so did Pat Burke of Eleventh Avenue; but he arrested his corpse while on the way to the cemetery!

Pat's is a strange story, but it is veritably true.

Pat is a laboring man, and when work is not brisk in the city, he goes to the country in search of it. He went out of town on Friday, and on Saturday his loving wife, Catherine, was brought the painful news that he had been killed on the Hudson River railroad, at

Tarrytown. She hastened to the place indicated, and there beheld and fully recognized the mutilated remains of her darling Pat. She put the body in a handsome mahogany coffin, and had it conveyed to her residence in the city. Her friends and neighbors assembled mournfully. The "pipes and tabacery" were brought, the snuff passed round, and the corpse was "waked" in the "rale ould style."

The funeral was to take place on Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, and at that hour the hearse and a large number of nice carriages, well filled with mourners, drove up to the residence of the widow Burke. The widow wept and would not be comforted. She kissed the cold lips of her departed husband again and again, and it was with difficulty she could be prevented from taking one more last lingering look at him who was no more.

The coffin was placed in the hearse, and the cortege moved slowly along towards Calvary Cemetery.

In half an hour after Pat Burke appeared in the flesh at his own house. He saw at once that something had taken place. Thoughts of elopements and murders rushed wildly through his brain. Greatly frightened he bolted up-stairs and into the apartments of a neighbor, without as much saying "by your leave." Two women to whom he was well known, fainting when they saw the apparition, and were with difficulty revived. At last when they had sufficiently recovered to speak, they were asked by Pat in a loud and excited tone:

"What's the matter? where's me wife? Spake quickly!"

"She's gone to yer funeral, sure, Pat—ain't ye dead?"

"Amn't I dead! what in the — de ye mane, woman? amn't I here?"

"Arrah, Pat, jewel, you know yer dead! Sure waan't I at yer wake meself?"

"Then where's me corpse?"

"Gone to the burying ground half an hour ago, avick, but—"

Pat stopped for nothing more. He fancied how things stood, and rushing wildly from the house pursued his corpse up the avenues. He ran fast and long, and had the satisfaction of overtaking his funeral just as it was about to go on board the ferry-boat that plies to Calvary Cemetery.

"Stop there," he cried, springing forward and seizing the head of the horse attached to the hearse. "Stop there, I tell ye, or, by the powers, I'll massacre every mother's son of ye!"

Then rushing back to the next carriage, which contained his wife, he pulled open the door, and exhibited himself freely perspiring and greatly agitated.

The scene that ensued (as the magazinists say) may be imagined but cannot be described. The widow Burke fainted, as did all the other women in the carriage, while the men struggled for exit by the other door. The uproar spread, and the aid of the police would have been called, had not the widow recovered from her swoon and fully recognized the presence of her dead husband.

As it was, many were not a little angered at Pat's unwarranted interference, while Pat, on seeing the corpse, was greatly chagrined that his wife should mistake "such an ugly spalpeen for her purty Pat," but when he saw his wife's pale face and tearful eyes, he thanked his stars that he had such a loving wife, and that he was not yet dead.

The hearse and its contents were turned round and driven to the dead-house at Bellevue Hospital, while those who had left the wake-house mourning returned to be merry.

All admitted the joke to be a good one, except Pat, who avers that it's no joke to be buried before one's time!

An inquest upon the corpse was held yesterday at Bellevue Hospital, by Coroner Hills, and a verdict rendered "That the unknown deceased came to his death by being run over on the Hudson River railroad at Tarrytown." It was then interred in Potter's Field.

EXTRAORDINARY AND EXPENSIVE FLUTES.

IN a valuable and very interesting work, entitled "Memoirs of Musik," by the "Honorable Roger North," Attorney-General to James the Second, it is stated that a celebrated Theban flautist, named Ismenias, played upon a golden flute which cost six hundred pounds sterling. When we take into consideration the difference in the value of the above sum at that and the present period, and also that the flute had then only one key (or perhaps none) the cost of the instrument will appear almost incredible. But the flute has always been, and still is, a very great favorite with amateurs; and we conclude that is the reason why so many efforts have been made to render it superior to any other. Our ancestors would be amazed were it possible they could see the difference between the simple one-keyed flute of their time, and the flute of the present day. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, several very curious and expensive flutes were exhibited; but, except one or two, which had the keys inlaid with precious stones, the expense was occasioned not by the material, but by the application of a new system of mechanism, which has been of late years added to the instrument, with a view of equalizing the tone and tune. Many of those, however, departed so materially from the established fingering, and had so many new difficulties, greater than the old ones which were said to be removed, that they were looked upon more as specimens of ingenuity and clever workmanship, than as practically useful instruments. This will doubtless account for the jurors having, in their "Grand Report" (page 332) mentioned only two: viz., one by Boehm, (of Munich,) and the other by Clinton, (of London,) awarding the post of honor to our countryman, Clinton, for having brought Boehm's ideas to perfection—that is, for having constructed a flute so as to combine all his improvements without their accompanying difficulties, defects, complications, great expense, and entire departure from the long-established system of fingering. Such unequivocal praise from such authority, awarded after the most careful examination and mature reflection, is an undeniable proof of the vast superiority of Clinton's flute, while it is at the same time the highest compliment any inventor could receive. The proceedings of the jury being recorded in a large volume, available only to the exhibitors, the true report upon flutes is not generally known, notwithstanding its importance to flautists: for it appears that on Clinton's system a really good flute may be made for those who are not overburdened with money as well as for those who, like our ancient friend Ismenias, can afford to pay such an extravagant sum as "six hundred pounds sterling." In addition to its beautiful tone and perfect intonation, it is the only one which avoids the difficulties of back-fingering, which has been the end and object sought to be obtained by all the flute reformers. It must therefore be evident that Clinton's flute is the best; everybody says it is, and what everybody says must be true. In Vol. I. of Sir W. Hamilton's "Etruscan Antiquities," we read of flutes being made of gold and silver, also of porcelain, ivory, glass, and laurel. The same author likewise speaks of double flutes being represented on ancient sculpture, which we presume to be the origin of the modern double flageolet. We have seen a flute which was presented by one of the Kings of Prussia to one of the Louis of France. It was made of crystal, and had silver-gilt keys, elegantly chased and finished; that instrument was said to cost 5,000*l.*, so that his Prussian Majesty was less extravagant in his ideas than the Theban flautist Ismenias. There was a flute exhibited a short time since in London which was said to have been made from a nugget of Australian gold. Those expensive metal, glass, and ivory flutes are, however, more for show than use, as we never find them adopted by any of the established professors or distinguished amateurs; but by indifferent performers, who possibly imagine that the showy and costly appearance of their instrument will make amends for their own want of skill. Possibly Ismenias and the King of France belonged to that class of flautists. King Frederick William of Prussia was an excellent performer on the flute. His favorite instrument cost originally only twenty-nine florins. It was most curiously constructed, and is still in existence in one of the museums in Saxony, minus the head-piece. There is a very large diamond in the centre of the D sharp key, and the figure of a crown set in small diamonds in the middle joint, both of which must have been added after the instrument was made, in order to render the low-priced flute of the King expensive and valuable.—*English Paper.*

COCK AND BULL STORY.—Some of the papers are printing in big type that Colonel Fremont has challenged Senator Toombs, on account of the aspersions cast by the latter in regard to the Colonel's birth, &c. This is all gammon. If Fremont concludes to "settle his differences" with anybody, it will probably be with Governor Wise.



THE HISTORY AND RECORDS OF THE ELEPHANT CLUB: Compiled from authentic documents now in possession of the Zoological Society. By Knight Russ Ockside, M. D., and Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. New York: Livermore & Rudd.

THERE are wandering about Gotham some five or six ubiquitous gentlemen, who, if known at all, are recognizable by their long hair and broad-brimmed hats; their official designation is the "Elephant Club," so named, we suppose, from the fact that the members have tremendous ears to hear everything; and proboscises for nasal organs, which enable them to poke their noses into everybody's business. These gentlemen are the getters up of the "accident departments" and "city news" of one or two of our leading papers. It is appalling to read the cold-blooded manner in which they break limbs, run omnibuses over old gentlemen, and hand-carts over children. Without remorse, they cause honest women to elope from their husbands, tumble temperate men down four pair of stairs, and from sympathy, we suppose, get "tight gentlemen" out of all sorts of bad scrapes. They publish to the world the private conversations of "great men" and distinguished ladies; mourn over the decease of affectionate fathers, and "eminent firemen." They are constantly "coming down" on the city fathers, and, although while in the "tea room" they eat and drink more than "Corporation loafers," still they condemn "such extravagance" and "wrong" in high-toned morals, with an eloquence quite affecting to read. On spiritualism they are sound believers, and attend "circles" with commendable zeal, provided there are any handsome-looking "mediums" present. Upon all reforms, the "Elephants" are sound; they go in for universal happiness—in print, and are willing to give everybody a chance—in a newspaper. Reporting for religious meetings is particularly "their gift," and they do up the particulars with an unctuous that even astonishes "the brethren" who heard the "said discourse." Upon politicians they are "very sweet," and a man's standing in that line depends altogether upon the conveniences of the "table" provided to "stenograph on," and the lager beer in the ante-room. Altogether, the "Elephants" are good fellows, and New York could not get along without them, not that they are positively necessary for its physical existence, but absolutely important for amusement and



THE MUSICAL TRAVELLERS.

hilarity. But it is not our purpose to go into an *exposé* of these gentlemen, our present purpose is to mention the fact that they have seen fit to *expose* themselves in the volume the name of which we have placed at the head of these "incoherent remarks." That our readers may form some idea of the reading matter, and the illustrations, and that they may judge of their merits for themselves—premissing, meanwhile, that those who desire farther particulars will get the book and go into a learned analysis according to their own humors. We make a few extracts.

PURPOSES OF THE ELEPHANT CLUB:

1. The enjoyment and amusement of its members through,
2. A profound study of the Metropolitan Elephant, by surveying him in all his majesty of proportion, by tracing him to his secret haunts, and observing his habits, both in his wild and domestic state.

OFFICER.

The only officer of the Club shall be a Highholdboy, whose

DUTY

It shall be to sit in a big chair, at the end of the table, and to see that the members conform to the following

RULES OF CONDUCT:

1. In the meetings of the Club, every member shall do exactly as he pleases.



THE FANCY DRESS "JAM."

2. Each member shall speak when he pleases, what he pleases, and as long as he pleases.

N. B.—If the remarks of any member are particularly stupid or tedious, the other members are under no obligations to remain and hear them.

N. particular B.—Should the speaker, at the conclusion of his remarks, find himself in the presence of only a part of his original audience, and some of those asleep, he is at full liberty, for his private satisfaction, to conclude that his eloquence, like that of the traditional parsons, is not only moving and soothing, as evidenced by the absence of some and the somnolence of others, but so satisfactory that those who were awake will never care to hear him again.

3. No member shall be permitted to bring spirituous or fermented liquors, wine, beer, or cider, whether imported or domestic, into any of the meetings of the Club, under the penalty of passing them around for general use; unless the member prefers to keep them to himself from motives of economy—the economy in such case to be regarded as an offence, to be punished with a severe letting alone.

4. The third rule shall apply to cigars, cheroots, and cigarettes.

5. Ditto—ditto—sardines, Bologna sausages, crackers and cheese.

6. Members are prohibited from sitting with their feet on the table, unless in that position they sit with more comfort, or they have other reasons satisfactory to themselves.

N. B.—The Highholdboy, in consideration of his onerous duties, is exempted from the action of this rule.

7. The Highholdboy is empowered to reprimand any member, when he considers it necessary to preserve the dignity of the Club.

N. special and particular B.—In order that this rule shall not operate prejudicially to the sovereign rights of individuals, the members of the Club are at liberty to treat the reprimand of the Highholdboy as a good joke.

8. Any member who shall be absent from any meeting of the Club, shall be liable to stand a half-dozen on the half shell for each of his fellow-members, unless he gives no previous notice to the Club, or any member thereof, of his prospective absence. Such notice, which he fails to give, to be either verbal or written, at his own option.

9. These foregoing rules shall in all cases be construed strictly, they shall never be repealed or amended; and shall be of binding force, except as hereinafter provided in the ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. The Highholdboy shall announce the suspension of all the rules for three months.

At the conclusion, Mr. Spout, in a solemn tone, addressed the party.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am aware that the rules, which I have prepared and submitted, are stringent in the extreme, but I think they will be found, on examination, to be no more so than is essential to secure that unanimity of action so indispensable to the accomplishment of any great end. Believing, then, that you fully appreciate the importance of the end we have in view, I trust they will meet with your approval. Gentlemen, I give way to others."

Mr. Spout took his seat, amid manifestations of the approval of his associates.

Mr. Boggs was the first to speak on the subject of the rules. "Gentlemen," said he, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and overpowered as I feel at the present moment, I should do injustice to my own feelings, did I fail to endorse the excellence of the rules reported by my friend Spout, and to give my unqualified adhesion, in accordance with the spirit which pervades them."

Mr. Dropper said that he had but one fault to find. He was by nature fond of resisting all rules, the idea of which he had always associated with a restriction of individual liberty. The rules proposed by Mr.



THE POLICE COURTS.

had ever been made. He thought that its individual peculiarities should be kept up in the matter of the election of its presiding officers. He was in favor of self-elevation to the position, and of letting the voluntary acquiescence of the members measure the duration of individuals' tenure of office—in other words, when they got tired of him, leave him to preside over a meeting composed of himself and the furniture. "Now, gentlemen," concluded Mr. Spout, "who wants to be a Highholdboy? Don't all speak at once."

Van Dam looked at Boggs; Boggs glanced at Dropper; Dropper eyed Quackenbush, and Quackenbush turned his eyes upon Spout.

"No one speaks," said Spout, "which leads me to believe that no one desires the position unless it be myself, which I confess, gentlemen, is true. Gentlemen, I declare myself duly elevated and installed into the office of Highholdboy of the Elephant Club; and when you survey my proportions, and look at the size of that chair, I am satisfied you will concede that I am well adapted to fill it. In conclusion, gentlemen, I ask of you your co-operation in forwarding the aims and purposes of this Club. Mr. Boggs, will you pass me the tobacco-box?"

"Certainly," said Boggs, as he passed the box, "and allow me to congratulate your constituency in having elevated you to so responsible a position."

"A very respectable constituency of one—Spout," said Mr. Quackenbush. "But it is very funny, isn't it?" said he.

"That's a go," said Dropper.

Mr. Van Dam was very glad that he wasn't the lucky man, as he had such an abhorrence of responsibility.

The question of the time and place of meetings was the next subject discussed. It was finally agreed to leave that matter for future consideration.

"Gentlemen," said Spout, "I have assumed a responsibility, in anticipation of my attaining the Highholdboyship of this Club. In this, perhaps, my course will not meet with your full approval; the nature of the step you will be apprised of in the room below. Will you accompany me?"

The party assented, wondering what further surprise was to greet them. They entered a rear parlor on the first floor, where an excellent dinner was waiting them, got up at the expense of Mr. John Spout, Highholdboy of the Elephant Club.

A good dinner is an excellent ending for anything—even a chapter.

Going on, we have, "How the Club originated," and also the "By-Laws," together with numerous illustrations. We are compelled for want of space to forego the pleasure of "most capital quotations," relating to men and things, as viewed and philosophized on by the members of the Elephant, and must therefore close by referring our numerous readers to the volume itself.

A GREAT SPEECH.—Hooper, of the Montgomery Mail, gives the following interesting report of the greatest speech he ever heard: A fellow was indicted up in the old Ninth, when Tom G—t was solicitor, for gambling, to wit, playing "short cards" at a certain locality known as Frog Level. Col. N— defended him, and contended before the jury that his client, with a bottle of liquor in his pocket, accompanied the crowd who, it was shown, did actually play, yet it never did with absolute certainty locate him as one of the players. Said he, by way of peroration: "Gentlemen of the Jury, the witness has told you that Peter Wynt was thar, and a playing; for he noticed his hand, and it was a full on Queens! Harry Snow was thar, and he was a playing, for he hilt two little par. William Upton was thar, he played, cause witness noticed in particular that he had nothin' but an ace! Bill Connor was thar, and he played, gentlemen, for he had the bully hand—four high-heeled Jacks!"

"But, gentlemen, when I come to ask him about Abraham Pitkin—my client's hand, what did he say, gentlemen? Why, nothin', gentlemen, except that if he held any hand, he disremembered what was in it! And now, gentlemen of the jury, if my client was seen goin' down to Frog Level with a bottle of liquor in his pocket, and the witness can't remember he hilt any hand at all, when bully hands was out, and him the best player in the crowd—is that—is that—I say, gentlemen of the jury, is that any reason that my client was guilty of the crime of gambling?" It is almost needless to say that the jury saw the non sequitur, and acquitted the defendant.

RATS ON THE STAGE.—A Swede of genius, who deprecates the present dearth of dramatic talent, has discovered that rats—Swedish rats, at least—possess wonderful histrionic powers, and after a careful search among the sewers and barns in his native land, he has obtained a company of rat Kembles, rat Keans and rat Siddonses, who (or which, for really a neuter can scarcely be applied to such geniuses,) move the Swedes to laughter or to tears, as the "cue" requires. Among his company there is a sable-skinned, bright-eyed rat, who plays Hamlet to perfection, (arranged as a pantomime, of course,) and all of them play Punch and Judy with genius. This Swedish impresario is about to make his rats appear before the Parisian public, and it will not be long before they appear among us.

THE SHAKERS.—This sect has still several prosperous communities in the United States. The first of these was formed in 1776, by Mother Ann Lee, at Watervliet, about seven miles from Albany. The influence of Mother Lee was secured upon her earliest followers by the belief in her divine mission, and the claim that the "second offering of Christ had already been fulfilled in her." Since the Shakers were first organized in New York, three other societies have been established in other parts of the State, two in Connecticut, four in Massachusetts, two in New Hampshire, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky.

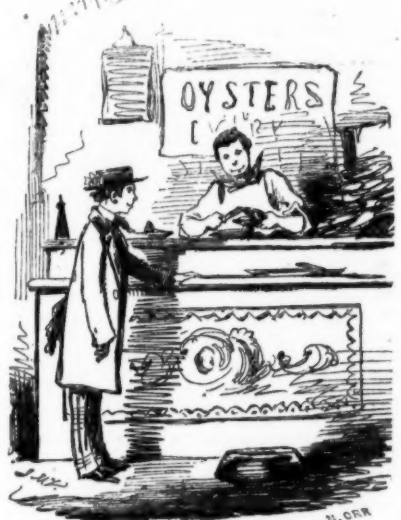
TAE-PING-WANG'S CHRISTIANITY.—The Rev. Mr. Malan has published an English version of the document that has given to the Chinese Rebel Chief his reputation as a semi-Christian. It is entitled, "The Three-fold Sanctaking; or, The Tri-literal Classics of China, as issued 1st by Wang-Po-Kean, 2d by Protestant Missionaries in China, 3d by the Rebel Chief, Tae-Ping-Wang." It is called tri-literal, because written in lines of three letters. Mr. Malan believes that this Chinese Mahomet, and his Christianity an imposture.



THE DOG FANCIER.



THE GUTTER SNIPE.



THE ARTISTIC OYSTERMAN.



KIT MAKES A DISCOVERY.—FROM "A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 52.)

CHAPTER IX.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in those bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempt make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Singing of fountains that glide by us.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

DESPITE his knowledge of the world, and bitter experience of mankind, Harry Burg had formed but very erroneous notions of the country. With the recollections of his boyhood fresh upon him, he imagined it a perfect Arcadia—all innocence and artlessness; it was one of the last illusions to which he clung. Time will show whether he was destined to be disabused of it.

Several times during their journey from town he quoted to his companions the verse of the soldier-poet which heads our present chapter.

Harold listened to it approvingly. Albert Mortimer merely smiled.

"I see," said the heir, "you are a sceptic, and do not believe in virtue."

"I agree with Pope," replied the officer—

"Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere."

"But especially in the country," urged Harry.

"Not more than in London," exclaimed the soldier; "although I grant you it may appear better in evidence there. Humanity in the mass presents such dark shadows that few of us have sufficient patience to study it in detail. We turn from it with terror or disgust. Not so in the country, where mankind are isolated, as it were, and every one knows the character, virtues and vices of his neighbor. In large cities statistics are wanting; in the rural districts they force themselves upon you by their individuality. How many acts of devotion and self-denial are ignored in towns; how much heroism and suffering concealed," he added, "which in the country would of necessity be known to all."

"Have you lived much in the country?" inquired Harry.

"But little."

"I thought so."

"I understand your objection," observed Albert, "and will answer it before you make it. Man varies but little, no matter in what condition you place him. His passions, interests, tastes, and habits are modified rather than changed; and I would quite as soon study the animal in a menagerie as in a state of nature."

"Cynical cynic!" repeated Harold.

"Not more so than every man becomes who walks through the world with his eyes open," replied the officer. "I can understand your feelings, Mr. Tracy," he continued; "you are young, of a somewhat poetical temperament, and addicted to dreaming. The spectre of life—reality—has not rudely drawn the curtain and awakened you yet."

"But I have gazed upon it face to face," said Harry Burg, "and still my convictions are the same. Man is better in the country than in the town."

"And my conviction," exclaimed Albert, laughingly, "is, that, place him where you will, he is still the same."

It was little more than noon when the travellers drove up to the Miners' Arms, at Alston Moor, and being market-day, the inn, the only one of any consequence in the place, was thronged with the neighboring farmers and petty landowners, most of the former from the Burg Hall estate.

"There canst come w' me," exclaimed the waiter, a rough country lad. "There be an ordinary at two o'clock, and only half a crown y' head."

"Perhaps the gentlemen would prefer dining in a private room," observed the landlady, a buxom dame, who came bustling forward.

"The ordinary will do exceedingly well," replied Harry, who considered the opportunity of making acquaintance with his tenantry too good to be lost.

"As you please, sir," muttered the woman in a tone of disappointment; "but half a crown," here she darted an angry look at her domestic, "doesn't include beer."

"Or waiter," added the latter, with a broad grin.

"We shall not quarrel with our bill," said Harold, exceedingly amused.

Somewhat reconciled by the assurance, the mistress of the Miners' Arms returned to her place at the bar, where sundry guests were impatiently calling for ale, brandy and water, etc., etc.

"Now, my man," continued our hero, "will you show us to our rooms?"

"What! does 'ee intend to sleep at the Miner's Arms?" demanded the waiter.

"No."

"Then what can 'ee want rooms for?"

"To wash, to—"

"Ha! ha! it be loik you London chaps," interrupted the rustic. "Does think there be ne'er a pump i' the place?"

"And what is your name, my very excellent friend?" inquired Harry.

"Turnbull. What be thine?"

The question was so unexpected that the heir of Burg Hall—who wished to preserve his *incognito*—hesitated to answer it. The waiter grinned again; evidently he began to entertain a very poor opinion of the intelligence of at least one of the travellers.

"We prefer making our ablutions in a bed-room," observed Albert Mortimer.

"Making what?"

"Washing our hands in our bed-rooms," repeated the officer; "it would seem you are not in the habit of receiving many guests at your house."

"Beant we?" replied the waiter. "That be more than thee can tell; but come in, and I'll show thee to rooms. Misses 'll charge for 'on though. We see a mort o' fine folk here at times; only last night," he added, "a real gentleman comed all the way from Lunnon to see old Snape."

Harry's attention was aroused. Snape was the name of his steward.

"Is the gentleman still here?" he asked.

"No, he be up at Hall."

"Do you know his name?"

"He was summat up loik thee," observed the elegant Mr. Turnbull, with a knowing look.

"How so?"

"He didn't care to tell it."

Although there was nothing very remarkable in the circumstance of a stranger arriving from London on a visit to his steward, still it set Harry Burg reflecting, and he felt a vague presentiment that it boded him no good, without comprehending, however, why or wherefore.

"What think you of the country?" said our hero, as the three travellers descended to the club-room, where the ordinary was held. "You can't deny the simplicity, the primeval simplicity of manners here. Does think there be ne'er a pump i' the place?" he added, imitating the broad north-country accent of the waiter.

"Exquisite!" exclaimed Albert Mortimer, with a hearty laugh; "you have a talent for mimicry."

"And you for flattery," mentally replied Harold Tracy.

The dinner, like most country ordinaries on a market-day, proved boisterous enough. The three strangers were regarded as commercial travellers—persons here to-day, gone to-morrow—and their presence proved no restraint to the conversation, which turned on subjects of local interest—rents, price of corn, farms to let, etc.

More than once, to his infinite amusement, Harry Burg heard his own name mentioned by the guests, accompanied by various surmises as to what kind of landlord he was likely to prove.

"Can't be worse than the last," observed a red-faced, hearty-looking farmer.

"Come, Baines," replied another, "thee, at least, hast no right to complain of Squire Richard. He wor reasonable enough w' thee. Whitmore offered two hundred a year more rent for the Lock Farm."

"And worth it, too," added a third.

"Thee must have gazed old Snape's hands hugely," said an old man at the bottom of the table, "afore he let the lease slip through his fingers."

At this insinuation there was a general laugh.

"You will learn more of the value of your estate than you anticipated," whispered our hero to his friend.

"The lease beant worth a crooked sixpence!" exclaimed the red-faced personage, whom the company had addressed by the name of Baines.

At this there was a general expression of surprise.

"Thee been fluked," added the speaker, striking his knuckles on the table with a rebuke which made the glasses ring; "Squire Richard never wor the real owner o' Burg Hall. He wor not born i' w' clock."

"Who told thee that?"

"Old Snape himself," answered the farmer; "to whom I paid four hundred pounds for the lease; but he has promised to get i' another o' the new squire, a fule of a chap that doesn't know the real vally o' money, but spent what he had a paintin' in foreign parts."

"They shall find at least that I know the value of the rental of the Lock Farm," mentally ejaculated Harry Burg.

"What if the new heir should refuse it?" observed Dobson, with a broad grin.

"I'll mump it out o' steward's carcass!" exclaimed Baines, striking the table with increased vehemence. "He had no right to take my money for nought."

"Or sell the interests of his employer," said Albert Mortimer.

At this interruption to the conversation there was a pause, followed by a stare at the speaker, who did not appear in the slightest degree discomposed by the attention his words had drawn; on the contrary, he seemed rather amused by it. Filling a glass of wine, he nodded to the farmers, as much as to say "your health" and drank it off.

"Cool chap," was the general opinion, and there was a whispered inquiry of "who is he?"

"I'll soon find out," said Dobson, who passed for a wit with his companions; "leave 'un to me."

"How's cotton?" he added, turning suddenly round and addressing the officer.

"Soft as ever, sir," was the ready reply.

"Hang it, Dobson, but he had thee there," roared several of the farmers.

"We ain't much to do w' cotton, or cotton folks here," continued the querist, annoyed at the laugh of his companions; "hemp be more in our way."

"So I should suppose. Is it very extensively cultivated?"

"Yee; but we don't *sell* it," replied the wit, who, doubtless, expected that the stranger would ask him what they did with it, in which case he had a reply ready to turn the laugh against him.

"I understand; keep it for *home consumption*," observed Albert. "Doubtless there is a considerable demand for it."

"Thee'd be if we strung up every fule who came into the country," exclaimed the clown, stung to the quick.

"Or who was *born* in it," added the former.

At this last retort the assailant lost all patience, and, catching up a heavy pewter flagon, swung it over his head, declaring in the dialect of his country, "that he would mump the stranger's gob."

There was a general exclamation of "Go it, Dobson!"

Whatever the defects of Albert Mortimer might be, cowardice certainly was not one of them. He started to his feet in an instant, and stood perfectly prepared to repel any attack. Harry and Harold were equally ready to second him.

Before matters proceeded to extremity, a young farmer, who had hitherto remained a silent listener to the conversation, rose from his chair, displaying as he did so the magnificent proportions of a man who stood at least six feet three. William Franklin, or Will of the Belt, the name he more familiarly went by, was the very best wrestler in Cumberland. He had the strength of a giant, and the simple nature of a child; always the first to avoid a quarrel or to make peace.

Seizing the arm of Dobson, he removed the flagon from his grasp, then placing his large hand upon his head, he pressed him down into his seat again.

"Be quiet," he said; "can't thee? Is that the way to behave to strangers? It is such as thee who bring an ill name on the country side. O, thee needn't glower so!" he added; "when I've said I've said it."

"He may thank thee, Will," muttered the angry rustic, "that I ha' not broken his y' head."

"And serve un right, too!" was the general exclamation.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in those bowers—

"I'll spare you the rest," added Albert Mortimer, with a satirical smile.

"What think you, Mr. Tracy?"

"I confess myself a convert to your opinion," answered Harold. "In town or country, man is still the same—and you?"

Harry only replied by a glance directed towards William Franklin.

"Why, they be play actors!" shouted one of the farmers, as soon as he heard the lines.

"Give us a song," cried a second.

The friends had both seen and heard quite enough, and quitted the table.

"Proud fools!" was the general opinion of all but Will of the Belt. He, if he had formed one, wisely kept it to himself.

As Harry was still desirous of preserving his *incognito*, it was decided that he and his companions should proceed to Burg Hall on foot; the distance was not more than seven miles, and they could send for the luggage in the morning. The landlady was informed of the arrangement. Woman like, she felt curious to ascertain where they were going to, and asked innumerable questions.

"Did they intend visiting the lead mine? If so, she could recommend them the very best guide in the place."

The offer was declined.

"Perhaps the gentlemen wished to purchase minerals and curiosities; her neighbor, Mr. Fix, had the largest collection in the town."

"Nothing of the kind."

"Surely," she observed, in a tone of disappointment, "you are not going to wander about the country alone?"

"Not exactly, my good woman," answered Harold Tracy. "The fact is, we are philosophers of the peripatetic school, and follow the precepts of our great master Aristotle. As a matter of course, this is for your private information; we do not wish it to be generally known."

Calling Tom, the party, after paying their bill, quitted the Miners' Arms; leaving the landlady and the equally astonished waiter gazing open-mouthed and confounded after them.

"I think our secret is quite safe," observed our hero, with a merry laugh. "I for one will pardon the woman if she betrays it."

"Peripatetic!" repeated Harry Burg, musingly. "Umph! the term is a

good one—philosophy on foot. In these degenerate days it seldom rides," he added. "It is too poor even for a third-class train, or the stage wagon."

"I question if it was much richer in Athens," observed Albert Mortimer. "Humanity is still the same."

"What did they say they were?" demanded the mistress of the inn, as soon as her late guests were out of hearing.

The fingers of Mr. Turnbull wandered despairingly through the mass of red hair which thatched his "y'head," as he called it, in search of an idea, most probably, Needless to say, he did not find one.

"I forget, missis."

"There hast no more brains than a goose!" exclaimed the woman, angrily. "Peri—peri—peri—something: I am sure that wor the word. Why, if they bean't a talking to Dick Murchinson, the miner?" she added. "I'll soon find out where they are a goin' to!"

Dick was called in and a glass of ale won from him the information that the strangers had inquired the way to the old shaft, the name of a mine directly opposite the lode at Burg Hall.

"I guess them London chaps have had the rise on us," observed the discomfited Mr. Dobson; "and all along of Will."

"There should a letten alone, then," replied the wrestler.

"I only hope they may stay in the country that I may have it out of them," said the former. "I like to ha' the last of the larf."

"And right, too," exclaimed the farmers; "that be Cumberland fashion. And we'll help thee."

Calling for the waiter, from whom they learned the direction which the gentlemen had taken, the company paid their reckoning and quitted the room, all but Will, who remained quietly smoking his pipe.

"They mean mischief," he said, when he saw them gathered in a group in front of the house. "Well, it be no affair o' mine. I know thee tricks of old."

"Yes it be though," he added, after a few minutes' reflection; "it be the affair of every honest man not to see the stranger put upon, and hang me if I do see it; so, Dobson and Baines, I'll look to thee. I know thee tricks of old."

So saying, the honest yeoman buttoned his shooting jacket with an air of determination over his broad, manly chest, and snatching up his stout oaken cudgel quitted the room. He knew every lane and turning of the country well, and set forward to join those whom he had resolved to protect by the nearest route.

The pedestrians had proceeded about four miles when they heard a voice behind them calling to them to stop.

"Our friend of the Miners' Arms," said Harry Burg, who was the first to recognise him.

"Eh! but you walk well," exclaimed Will, as soon as he overtook them.

"Ye have given me a breather, and I took the shortest road."

The three friends shook hands with him, called him an honest fellow, and expressed the pleasure they felt in making his acquaintance.

"Really and truly!" said the wrestler. "And you are not laughing at me. Well, then, I am deuced glad to make your acquaintance; and what's more, I'll stick to ye, danger or no danger."

"What do you mean?" inquired Harold, somewhat startled by the last words of the speaker.

"More rustic virtue," observed Albert Mortimer, with a smile.

"You took the rise out of Dobson," said their new friend.

"What, then?"

"They be coming to beat thee, that's all," replied Will of the Belt. "Baines, who cheated my poor old grandfather out of the Lock Farm, with the assistance of old Snape the steward, and a lot of miners, are comin' to help him. But don't 'ee be afraid," he added; "there bean't more than a dozen on 'em."

"And we are four!" exclaimed the officer. "Vastly pleasant!"

"Five, if you please, sir," said the wrestler.

"Nothing like the country for virtue," continued the former, with mock gravity.

"Abused mortals! did you know—?"

"Spare us the rest," interrupted Harry. "I admit that you have the best of the argument for the present. I am at a loss," he continued, addressing the yeoman, "to understand the motive of this threatened outrage."

It was evident that Will did not understand him, for he looked puzzled.

"What have we done to provoke them?"

"Ah! that's it. Why raised the larf again him?"

"It was his own folly that occasioned it."

"The very reason," said our hero, "why he resents it. We are in for an adventure, it seems, and must extricate ourselves in the best way we can. We have not had much experience, have we, Tom?"

"No, sir," replied the groom, touching his hat. "I should like to have seen any one at Granstoun threaten to raise a band against you."

"But we are not at Granstoun now," observed his master.

"And more's the pity, sir, more's the pity."

William Franklin, after a critical examination, selected one or two tough-looking ash plants, which grew by the road-side, and began trimming them so as to serve as cudgels.

"These appear much better," suggested Harry Burg, pointing to a plantation of young trees on the other side of the hedge.

The yeoman shook his head.

"Mustn't touch them," he replied.

"Why not?"

"They belong to Squire Burg."

"Is the squire so tenacious, then?" demanded Harold.

"It ain't the squire," replied the yeoman; "we ha' never seen him; but old Snape. He hates me for telling him a bit of my mind about my poor old grandfather; and were I only to take a sparrow's nest upon the estate, he'd transport I for stealing the eggs."

"Possibly, my good friend," said the officer, "your scruples are founded in prudence, but I have no such fear; lend me your knife."

Will of the belt handed it to him.

Albert leaped over the hedge, and cut half a dozen of the strongest saplings, which he threw to his companions, who speedily trimmed and reduced them to a serviceable size.

"What will steward say?" muttered their ally.

"We will call at the mansion and explain matters to him," answered Harry Burg, "and you shall show us the way."

"I'll repeated the wrestler. "Lord bless 'ee, the house wouldn't hold him if he saw I set a foot in it."

"He hates you then?"

"Bad men do generally hate those they wrong," replied the yeoman, bitterly.

As they resumed their walk the heir of Burg Hall contrived to draw from his new companion considerable information—the condition of his tenantry, the value of his lands, and the personal character of his agent, of whom he began to entertain no very favorable opinion. To his astonishment he discovered that the farms had been considerably underlet; the greasing of Mr. Snape's palm explained why and wherefore. Still he could not comprehend the acquiescence of his late cousin in the arrangements, till he recollected the secret of his illegitimacy.

Both guardian and steward had doubtless profited by the knowledge of it.

The old shaft, as we before observed, was an old mine, the entrance to which was directly opposite the lodge of Burg Hall Park, where the land broke into a succession of undulating hills thickly wooded. On one of these the mansion—an extensive building in that heavy Dutch style which became so fashionable in England in the reign of William and Mary—had been erected. It commanded an extensive view, and was not without a certain air of pretension commensurate with the importance of the property.

"Here are the boys!" exclaimed Will, pointing to a group of men, who, with Dobson at their head, occupied that portion of the road between them and the lodge.

"Let us pass on quietly," observed Albert, "if they will let us."

"If!" repeated Harold, grasping his stick.

At first there appeared some probability of their doing so, for the presence of Will of the Belt was more than they had calculated upon. They knew his courage and vast strength, as well as the dogged determination he invariably displayed when he had once taken part on either side in a quarrel.

"What is it you require, my good friends?" demanded Harry, anxious, if possible, to avoid coming to extremities.

Dobson muttered something about a rise having been taken out of him.

"And sarve thee right, too," replied the wrestler; "why didst thee try to bully and hector over the strangers?"

"It be Cumberland fashion."

"No it bean't," retorted the former, "and thee bean't Cumberland lad. Cumberland fashion be fair play and no favor—but it be useless to reason wi' thee, so let us pass."

"Thee canst pass," shouted the men. "We want no quarrel wi' thee."

"And my friends?"

"Mun do the best they can."

"And I'll help 'em," exclaimed Will, brandishing his cudgel, and rushing in amongst them to clear the way.

The attack was so sudden on the part of the speaker, and so ably seconded by his companions, that it threw Dobson and his party into momentary confusion. They quickly rallied, however, and the struggle became desperate. Tom fought like a lion by the side of his young master. He appeared to have no care for himself; all his thought was of Harold. The indignation he felt that any one should presume to assail him, rendered him insensible to all personal consequence.

Well did Will of the Belt sustain his reputation for courage. He had already disabled more than one of his assailants, when his attention was attracted by the extraordinary coolness and skill with which Albert Mortimer defended himself. An expert swordsman, he was more than a match for the best singlestick player of the party.

"Well done," shouted Will in a tone of admiration.

Dobson seized the advantage of his momentary abstraction, and dealt the honest fellow a fearful blow upon the temples.

There was a shout of joy when the miners beheld the most redoubtable of their adversaries fall.

Harold Tracy and Tom both sprang before the body, to prevent any further violence.

"It is time to end this," exclaimed the officer, drawing a pair of pistols from his pocket and handing one of them to our hero.

"What would you do?" demanded the latter.

At the sight of the fire-arms their assailants recoiled.

"We are fighting for our lives," replied Albert, coolly; "and the first who advances a step," he added, addressing the mob, "a bullet whistles through his brain."

"He darn't fire!" cried Dobson.

The next instant the weapon covered him, and the cowardly bully slunk behind the crowd.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded Harry. "Or how have we provoked it? I came amongst you with the desire of doing good, of acting like a just and considerate landlord, of learning by personal observation the wants and wishes of my tenantry, and this is my recompense."

"Who, who is thee, then?" cried one of the men.

"My name is Harry Burg."

At this announcement several of the least violent slunk away.

"Why, Dobson said these wor play-actors," cried one of the miners.

One or two of the keepers and the laborers employed in the park, who had been quiet, if not amused spectators of the affray, now came forward. As the former were armed with their guns, all idea of renewing the assault was at an end, and the perpetrators of the outrage were only too glad to retire without attracting further notice.

"If this honest fellow dies," observed Harold Tracy, "that man," pointing to Dobson, "is his murderer, and I'll bring him to justice, though it costs me half my fortune."

The ruffian stared at him for an instant, as if to imprint the features of the speaker upon his memory, and then, darting over the hedge, disappeared.

By Harry's direction the keepers raised the helpless body of Will, and, followed by the three friends, bore it towards the Hall.

A messenger was also despatched for the nearest surgeon.

CHAPTER X.

I have no faith in much profession. Honesty
Vaunts not itself in words.—OLD PLAT.

It was not till after repeated summons at the principal entrance of the mansion that the door was opened by a tall, farmer-like looking man, about sixty years of age, who demanded, in a harsh tone of voice, what they wanted.

"Will of the Belt has been all but killed," replied one of the keepers, respectfully.

"What then? Take him to the stable."

"You will bring him into the house," said Harry Burg, walking into the great hall, followed by his friends. "I am the only person to give orders here."

"And who may you be, sir?" inquired the man.

"Your master," replied the heir, "if, as I presume, your name is Snape."

The steward—for he was no less a personage—changed color, and answered, with far less arrogance, that the supposition was correct.

"I owe my life to this brave fellow," added the owner of the mansion. "We have been attacked by a party of miners, headed by one Dobson, a tenant on the estate, I believe. I could not have credited," he added, "that in the nineteenth century a district existed in England in which such an unprovoked outrage would be perpetrated."

"They are indeed a rough lot," replied Mr. Snape, "and it is only by treating them firmly that we can keep anything like order in the neighborhood. This way, sir," he continued, throwing open the door of the principal saloon; "I will see that Will is properly attended to."

"With your permission, I shall see to it myself," observed the gentleman.

"The service he has done me was not rendered by proxy."

The yeoman, who still continued insensible, was conveyed to one of the best rooms by the keepers, and placed in bed. Not one of those whom he had so gallantly defended quitted the apartment before the arrival of the surgeon—a shrewd, clever Scot—who, after a careful examination, declared that no fracture had been sustained.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Harold Tracy.

"Indeed, and it would ha' been a sair mishap," observed Dr. Curry, the name of the practitioner, for the pair feller is the sole stay o' his widowed mother, and ain o' the best lads o' the place, though he has mair enemies than I thought," he added, pointedly.

"You will send for his mother, Mr. Snape," said his master; "she will be the best person to attend upon her son."

"Mrs. Lawrence, the housekeeper, is an excellent nurse," observed the steward, who had his own reasons for not wishing Mrs. Franklin and his employer to come in contact.

"I am not in the habit of speaking my pleasure twice," was the somewhat dry reply to this suggestion. "You will do as I direct; and now, doctor," he said, "we will leave you with your patient. I need not, I am sure, entreat you to employ your utmost skill."

"It is of the service of gentle and simple alike," replied the surgeon. "Duncan Curry kens na difference. I have heard, Mr. Burg, of the shameful attack made upon you on your arrival. And if there's ain thing I regret mair than another, it's that I was no wi' ye."

"At your years, my good sir," said Harold, "you were much better away. It was hard work, I assure you. The blows fell thickly."

"It was no a happened had I been there."

"The doctor is highly regarded by the miners and peasants," observed the steward, sneeringly, "and his presence might have rendered you more service than you imagine. I have known his influence disperse a mob when the magistrates and myself have failed."

"I can understand that perfectly well," replied his master; "what you call the superstition of the miners I should term gratitude for kindness."

"Right, Mr. Burg! right!" exclaimed Dr. Curry. "In the words of the immortal bard, 'This only is the witchcraft I have used.' I am happy to find some one who can understand me. Welcome to your estate," he added, shaking him warmly by the hand; "and long, long may you live to enjoy it."

Although from the instant the new possessor of Burg Hall announced himself the manners of Mr. Snape became as smooth and pleasant as they had at first appeared offensive, still there was an air of restraint which he could not entirely divest himself of. It was like a man acting a part—well, no doubt, but not the less acting.

As for this housekeeper, her master had not seen her yet.

Dr. Curry did not quit his patient till the arrival of his mother, whom he saw duly installed in her post as nurse. After which he descended to the drawing-room, where the gentlemen were taking coffee.

"Well, doctor," said our hero, "what is the report?"

"Still favorable," answered the Scot. "The brain, the seat of thought—not that pair Will was ever much given to thinking—is safe. In three days I pledge my reputation he shall be ready for a bout o' single stick again."

"He is a fine fellow," exclaimed Harry.

"Yes," observed Albert Mortimer. "As a mere animal he is magnificent. The surgeon screwed up his small gray eyes, and regarded the speaker attentively."

"Animal!" he repeated slowly. "Weel, man is an animal—there's no denying it; and sometimes a very ungrateful ain, too. I'm wondering where ye would ha' been if pair Willie had no had a heart as weel as courage?"

The officer colored to the very temples at the reproof.

"I am an animal," added the speaker; "and my ways o' thinkin' are not the ways o' the present day."

"You think justly, sir; very justly," said Harold Tracy, "when you expressed your sense of the debt of gratitude we owe to that brave man."

"I cannot account for the motive which induced men whom we had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with, to attack us in so brutal a fashion," observed Harry Burg.

"Nor I," replied the doctor, "but I will learn it. It's my opinion," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that they were set on. Rough and ready as they all are to pick a quarrel, I never knew them gully o' sic a Vandalism before."

"Set on!" repeated the heir, "who should set them on?"

The Scot shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no enemies."

"Who can say that?" demanded the old man seriously. "When ye ha' lived as lang in this wicked word as I have, ye will find that your very virtues, if ye have any, will raise ye up enemies."

There was a bitterness in the old man's words which led his hearers to believe that he spoke from experience. He soon afterwards took his leave, promising to return at an early hour the following morning to attend his patient. And the three friends, tired of the excitement and the adventures of the day, shortly withdrew to rest.

Albert Mortimer, as we observed when we first introduced him to our readers was a close observer of his fellow men. Not a word which had fallen at the inn escaped him; neither did he forget the confusion of Mr. Snape on their arrival; or the insinuation of Dr. Curry, that the miners had been incited to attack them. There was a mystery in these several points which he determined to elucidate. For this purpose, instead of retreating to his bed, he carefully extinguished the light, and placed himself at the door of the room to listen. For a considerable time all was still; and he began to think that he should only have disappointment for his pains, when the sound of a footstep in the long gallery, into which the bed-rooms opened, fell upon his ear.

"At last," he murmured, with a smile.

As it died away he peered forth, and beheld a female figure gliding rather than walking along the gallery with a lamp, which she shaded carefully with her hand. She paused for an instant opposite a portrait which hung at the extreme end, and raised the light as if to examine it, sighed deeply, and disappeared.

The officer mentally marked the position of the portrait that he might not mistake it in the morning, then following the female cautiously, arrived at the door by which she had quitted the gallery just in time to see her enter the circular drawing-room directly opposite.

Just as she entered he caught sight of the steward and a second person seated at a table with papers and an open cabinet on the table before them.

"So the plot thickens," thought the officer. "The stranger can be no other than the real gentleman from London the waiter at the Miners' Arms spoke of. I must learn, if possible, who he is."

With this intention he cautiously approached and applied his ear to the keyhole.

The three persons assembled in the circular drawing-room were Snape the steward, a gentlemanly looking man of about fifty, and Mrs. Lawrence, the housekeeper. It was the last named personage who had roused the curiosity of Albert. Had he seen her features, he would, in all probability, have been yet more excited.

To the remains of former beauty, Mrs. Lawrence added the traces of strong passions and great determination of character. Her eyes were dark, exceedingly large, and almost Spanish in their expression; the mouth compressed, and slightly drawn down at the corners.

What rendered her appearance more singular was the whiteness of her hair, which she wore simply parted in bands over her lofty forehead. Its color contrasted strangely with her jet black eye-brows, and produced an impression that it had been suddenly changed by some strong emotion of surprise or terror. At any rate, it did not appear natural.

"And are these all the letters you have found?" demanded the steward.

"All," replied the woman.

"You are certain there are no others?"

"Certain, unless they are concealed in the great oaken cabinet in the library. I have not the keys of that."

"Nor I," said Mr. Snape.

"I searched for them amongst the papers of your late master," observed the third party at the table, "but without success. Not that it much matters. These," he added, pointing to the packet of letters he had been carefully examining, "are quite sufficient for our purpose."

"We are agreed as to the terms?" observed the steward. "I am to receive a receipt in full of all demands and five thousand pounds."

"To be paid on the day that the real heir takes possession," observed the respectable looking gentleman. "And you, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"I demand nothing," replied the housekeeper, in a haughty tone. "Let me but live to see the son of that Harry Burg who prevented my becoming the wife of his brother is once more a beggar, and I shall be amply repaid."

"Disinterested, at least," thought the listener.

Meanwhile the stranger had carefully arranged the letters and papers in a parcel, which he sealed.

"When they are safe in my counting-house in London I shall breathe freely," he observed, "and not till then."

The speaker was seated with his back to the door of the room, which suddenly opened, and before the steward could recover from his surprise, or the housekeeper do more than utter a faint cry, the packet was snatched from his hand by Albert.

They turned and recognised each other in an instant.

"Sir John Sellem!"

"Mr. Mortimer!" were the exclamations which simultaneously escaped their lips.

Mr. Snape, who had caught up a heavily loaded hunting-whip, was stealing cautiously towards the door when the officer interrupted him by observing that he was armed; and at the same time drew one of the weapons, which had previously done him such good service, from his pocket.

"For heaven's sake, no violence!" exclaimed the baronet, who was the last to recover from the surprise; "the gentleman and I are acquainted."

"And have been for some time," added the officer, in a tone of indifference. "We shall soon understand each other," said the banker.

"If you are reasonable," whispered the former.

The housekeeper and steward were both requested to withdraw for a short time, which they did, when a confidential conversation took place between the two gentlemen. At first there appeared considerable difficulties in the way of an accommodation. Gradually, however, they were smoothed over, and when the domestics returned they found them seated very quietly, with the packet lying before them.

"Well!" said Mr. Snape.

The housekeeper did not speak, but remained with her eyes fixed with a peculiar expression on the officer.

"A friend and ally," replied the banker; "one whom we may depend on in any emergency."

"So much the better," muttered the steward, mentally resolving at the same time to keep an eye upon him. "Our compact holds good?"

"Of course."

"With this exception," added Albert Mortimer, "that the sum promised you shall be doubled. I do not think it sufficient."

"And my part of the reward?" demanded the woman. "I ask neither gold nor land, but revenge!"

"It shall be yours to your soul's content," replied the new confederate against the fortune and happiness of Harry Burg.

"Keep that promise," exclaimed the housekeeper, "and I am well repaid; break it, and I'll foil your plans. Aye, aye, my young man," she added, "measure me in your strength, but do not scorn my warning; those who have known me longest will tell you that I never yet threatened in vain."

"Never," repeated Sir John and Snape, emphatically.

"Fear not," replied Albert; "I am as true to my interests as you can possibly be to your hate."

So saying, he quitted the room, taking the packet with him; and that same night, or rather morning, Sir John Sellem returned to London, his presence at Burg Hall never once suspected by its owner.

The next day Albert Mortimer received a letter on regimental business, as he pretended, which rendered a visit to London indispensable, and he took his leave of our hero and Harry with a promise to return in two or three days.

Tom accompanied him; for, as his master was likely to remain so much longer in the country than he had calculated, it was necessary he should make his arrangements accordingly.

On the very day of his return to town, as the poor fellow was walking in a solitary humor in St. James's Park, he was startled by a sudden exclamation, and, looking up, recognized Nora, the pretty waiting-maid of Bella Trelawny. The girl quitted the arm of the tall footman with whom she had been walking, and, with both arms extended, ran towards him.

Goroo, the black boy, who was escorting Finfine, grinned with delight on recognizing Tom, who had made himself a great favorite with all the servants of the Grange by his good nature and merry humor. It was only the tall footman who disliked him, and he was his rival in the good graces of the pretty waiting-maid.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOBOKEN, Dec. 1, 1856.
W. J. A. FULLER, Esq.—Dear Sir: Having noticed that the question, whether a Pawn is ever obliged to capture *en passant*, has been touched upon in your Chess Columns for Nov. 23d and Dec. 6th, and thinking that something I have written upon the subject would be interesting to you, I herewith enclose it. Permit me to seize the opportunity to renew to you the assurance of my most friendly wishes.
Yours truly,
E. B. C.

Is a Pawn ever obliged to capture *en passant*? To attain the requisite conciseness, the above question must, of necessity, be treated in rather an *ex cathedra* style; but, as St. Paul says, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

En passant, in passing. The term is not *apres avoir passé* (after having passed), nor *en passant* (in passing); but *en passant* (in passing). A Pawn in passing must be in motion. Wherefore, the move from the second to the fourth square is an *entirety*. The time when the capture *en passant* is made, theoretically, is when the line of motion of an advancing Pawn is intersected by the ray of power of an adverse Pawn. Practically, the captured Pawn is removed after it has passed. The reason for this is to give sufficient time for consideration to the player whose turn it is to move. Theoretically, the capture is made in passing.

When a player places a Pawn at the second rank upon the fourth, he thereby signifies to his opponent that such will be his move, unless his Pawn be taken in passing. If his opponent signify that the Pawn was not captured in passing, then the position of the Pawn stands committed—the move is a *whole*; in which case, the second player is not only not obliged to capture, but he has no right to capture, for the Pawn is passed. To use a humorous figure of Mr. Stanley's, a bird cannot be shot flying after it has alighted. In the player whose turn it is to move is vested the right to decide whether he allows a Pawn to pass or not. His determination, then being law, and he always being able to decide either way, the other way cannot be obligatory. Hence, a Pawn is never obliged to capture *en passant*.

CODA.
The unique character of the move, taking *en passant*, is in the fact that the Pawn is captured *whilst in motion*. As a Pawn cannot retrograde, the special power accorded it appears just, in order that Pawns at the fifth rank shall not have less power in restraining adverse Pawns, than when at the fourth rank.

Major Jenisch's "questions insolubles," contained in the last five lines of p. 230 and the first five lines of p. 231, of *La Régence*, are all resolved by the foregoing exposition of the theory of taking in passing. e. g. Question 2nd. Answer: A piece in motion does not give check.

OONOMOWOC, Wis., December, 1856.
MR. EDITOR: Will you permit a grateful reader of your Chess Column to propose a few queries?

1st. Have the solutions ever been published to any or all of the Twenty-five Problems by the Rev. Mr. Bolton, given at the close of Mr. Lewis' "Treatise on the Game of Chess," 1844? [Not to our knowledge.] 2nd. Was the twenty-fifth problem of Mr. Lewis' book published before or after that of one of the *La Bourdonnais* which you lately gave your readers? [We cannot tell you.] 3rd. Which of these two problems do you consider the more difficult? [Not having examined both, we cannot say.] 4th. It was announced some time ago in the *Illustrated News*, that an appendix to "Chess Players Handbook by Staunton, Jenisch, and Von der Lasa, would be published by Bohn containing the latest analyses, &c. Has this work appeared and can it be obtained in New York? [It will be published soon.] 5th. Is there any effort on foot for establishing a chess magazine in this country? I presume the "Chess Monthly" mentioned in your last is an English work. Can you tell me the price? [Three dollars per annum.] 6th. I have solved several of the above mentioned problems of Mr. Bolton, among them the 25th, but after most desperate efforts at the third, am obliged to give it up. Can you, or some other chess magnate give me the key move? [E. B. C.] with his usual good nature will doubtless favor you. We haven't time.] Answers to these queries will greatly oblige
Yours truly,
DELTA.

P. S. Your contributor E. B. C., of Hoboken, may be interested to know that Problem No. 47 of your issue has another solution, viz: 1 Kt to QB3 best

2 Q to QKt7 and Q will mate in two more moves. Am I right? [We have not the diagram before us, but we think not. Mr. Cook may feel inclined to answer you.]

N. B. Your diagrams are sent by mail.
THOS. WEBB, New York.—Call at the chess club, No. 19 East Twelfth street, inquire for Mr. Fuller or Mr. Perrin and you will get all the information you seek. We cannot afford space to publish it.

THE CHESS MONTHLY.—We have been honored with an advance copy of this new candidate for public favor, which sparkles under its beautiful green covers with a brilliancy of typography that is positively dazzling, and which reflects the greatest credit upon the taste and skill of its publishers. The games and problems are from some of the very best of our own contributors, and we can therefore vouch for their general merit without having examined them. Much space is given to the literature of the game, and this department we regard as the crowning excellence of the work. We trace, throughout, the ready and pointed pen of Mr. Fluke, whose culture and research will give to the magazine its chief attraction. The article on "the last of a veteran chess player," cannot fail to elicit the most favorable comment, and, in fact, the whole of the reading matter will be found to possess an interest that will not be confined to chess players alone. The "Chess Monthly" is now fairly launched, and it appears under such favorable auspices and is conducted with such zeal and ability that it is already riding upon the topmost wave of success. We bespeak for it a cordial reception and a brilliant future. No lover of chess should fail to subscribe for it! The only fault we have to find with it is the name.

"The reason why, I cannot tell, But do not like these, Dr. Fell."
The word "American" should appear in its title somewhere. The letter of our correspondent "Delta" is a pointed argument in support of this opinion.
NOVELTY IN CHESS.—A plan to make the Knight move into all squares of the chess-board in succession, without passing twice over the same:

4	7	2	11	16	21	26	28
1	10	5	56	27	24	17	20
6	3	8	15	12	19	22	25
9	64	57	60	55	28	13	18
44	59	54	63	14	61	40	29
51	48	45	58	41	32	37	34
46	43	50	53	62	35	30	39
49	52	47	42	31	38	33	36

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK CLUBS.

GAME FIRST.		GAME SECOND.	
New York against Philadelphia.	Philadelphia against New York.	White. Sicilian Opening. Black. Scotch Gambit. Black.	
White. Philadelphia.	White. Philadelphia.	White. New York.	
25 P takes B	24 B takes Kt	24 B takes P	24 Q to QR 4
26 Kt to Kt 6	25 Kt takes P	25 Q to KR 4 (ch)	25 K to Q 2
27 Q to B 3	26 Kt takes Kt	26 K R to Q (ch)	26 K to K sq

GAME LIV.—AMERICAN CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.—Played by distinguished gentlemen in Baltimore and Washington. Seven games were played, comprising 686 moves, all of which were transmitted without an error. The match was commenced November 16, 1844.

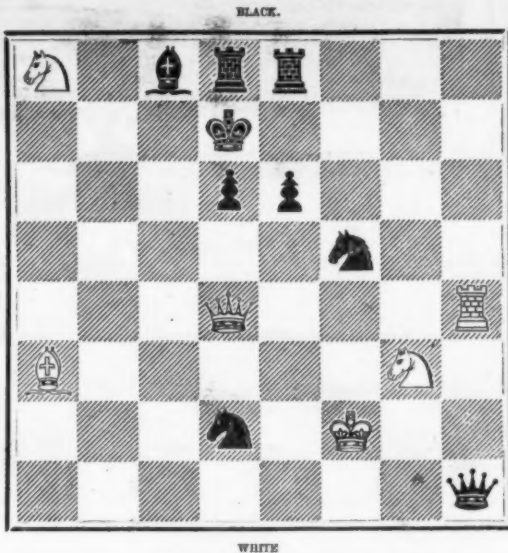
BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Washington.	Baltimore.	Washington.	Baltimore.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 P to K B 4	P takes K R P
2 B to QB 4	P to QB 3	16 P to K Kt 3	B to K Kt 5
3 Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	17 Q to QB	Kt to KR 4
4 P takes P	Kt to QB 3	18 P to QB 5	Q to K Kt 3
5 B to Q Kt 3	P to K R 3	19 K to K R 2	Kt takes Kt P
6 P to Q 3	P to K R 3	20 Kt to Q B 2	Kt takes R
7 P to K R 3	Kt to K B 3	21 Q takes Kt	Castles Q R
8 Castles	B to Q 3	22 Kt to Q B 4	B to K B 4
9 P to QB 3	B to Q B 2	23 Kt to K	K R to K Kt
10 B to K 3	Q to her 3	24 Kt to Q 6 (ch)	B takes Kt
11 Kt to K	P to K Kt 4	25 P takes B	Q to K Kt 6 (ch)
12 Kt to Q R 3	P to Q R 3	26 K to R	Q R to Q 2
13 P to QB 4	P to Q 5	27 K B P takes P	P to K R 7
14 B to Q 2	P to K Kt 5	28 B to Q 5	Q to K Kt 8 (ch)

And Washington resigns.
We are indebted to Mr. D. W. Fluke for the above game. He took it from the "History of the American Telegraph." It is very weakly played, but we thought that it might possibly interest our readers by affording some idea of the relative strength of the leading players in these two cities.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R from K 4 to Q B 4	K moves
2 R to K R 6	K "
3 R from Q B 4 to B 6	K "
4 R to K R 5	K "
5 K to K 3 (dis. ch)	K "
6 P to K B 4, checkmating	

PROBLEM LIV.—By W. T. J., Augusta, Me. White to play and checkmate in five moves.



EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—TRIAL OF HAYT FOR THE MURDER OF MISS ALLEN.

THE trial came on at the November Sessions of our Oyer and Terminer, before Hon. John Galbraith, president judge, Joseph M. Sterrett and James Miles, associates. It appeared in evidence, on the part of the commonwealth, that Hayt had become acquainted with Miss Calista C. Allen, while living with his sister in McKean township, in this county, during the autumn of 1855. She was there in the capacity of servant maid, and was at the time in the 13th year of her age. After living there some time she left and went home, when Hayt also left and engaged board with Miss A.'s father. During the last winter the deceased went to school, and shortly after she commenced the prisoner also went to school, although about 42 years old, and continued going during the winter. In the spring he rented a farm for Allen, moved him and his family on to it, and went himself to board with his step-father, Mr. Oliver, who lived about half a mile distant. Up to the time of the murder, Hayt often visited at Allen's, and aided him by procuring for him a team and farming utensils, and by his own personal labor. He also purchased goods and necessities for the family and made many presents to deceased, to whom he became much attached.

This attachment had become known to the family, but as she did not reciprocate it, he was much distressed and agitated when urged to give her up. This was testified to by her parents as well as other witnesses. On the Saturday preceding the murder, the prisoner, in company with her parents, went to McKean Corners, and purchased on his credit some store goods for them, and some fifteen dollars' worth for the girl. It would seem that on the day following, (Sunday,) some conversation took place between Hayt and Miss A. about getting married, when, it would seem from the testimony, though not directly, that she refused to marry him. He staid all night at Allen's, and in the morning (the day of the murder) went home, ate his breakfast, hitched up a horse to a plough, returned to Allen's and assisted him to plough half an acre of potatoes. He then returned home, put the horse out, did some little work about the house, such as bringing water, cutting wood, etc. After dinner he took down a revolver that he had, and went away in a different direction from that which would have taken him to Allen's. About half-past one P. M. he came to Allen's and sat down in the kitchen, near the door of an adjoining room, in which deceased and her mother were sitting. After the usual salutation the deceased said, "Walter, I should not think you would come here if you thought I abused you." To which he replied, "Come to think, I don't know that you did abuse me; I said so, but did not mean it." He then spoke of what he had given her on Saturday. She said, "You know I never asked you for anything." He replied, "I know it, but I am glad I got them for you," and then said he would get her a bonnet and a pair of shoes. At this the mother said, "Calista, if you don't mean to have Walter you ought to tell him so." She replied, "I did tell him so, and I wish he would not come here again;" at the same time closing the room door suddenly. Hayt thereupon arose, stepped into the room, placed a revolver at the head of deceased, and discharged it, the ball entering through the upper part of the temporal bone. The mother sprang from her seat, and, rushing out of the room, fell over the stove hearth in the kitchen. About the time she fell Hayt fired at her, but she escaped the shot by her falling. He fired again at her, but missed, and a third time he fired at her after she was out of doors, and followed her to the gate, but she made her escape. He then returned to the house, and finding the deceased on the floor, took her up, laid her on the sofa, and putting the pistol to her ear, again shot her. He then left, and taking the nearest route to the village, soon arrived there. In the meantime Allen came from the field, where he was working, and found his daughter on the sofa dead. Alarm was soon given, the neighbors collected and search was commenced, but while search was being made for the prisoner, he had gone to McKean Corners and given himself up, owning the act, saying that he "had killed her," telling the circumstances—that he intended to do so—that he loved her as he did his life—that he knew the consequences of the act—that he would not recall the deed if he could—that he was not sorry for anybody but his mother.

For the defence it was alleged that the prisoner was laboring under a species of insanity, called moral mania, which deprived him of the power of deliberate or premeditated action, necessary to constitute the killing murder in the first degree under the act of 1794.

The outline of the evidence went to establish the fact that many years before, the prisoner had been crossed in an attachment for a girl whom his friends opposed his marrying—that he became gloomy and solitary—that subsequently he formed an unnatural and frantic attachment for a half sister—that he showed strong and almost unmistakable evidence of derangement or mania in this matter—he would walk about in the night, and cry and moan like a person in despair, and at the same time acknowledge that he knew his attachment was wrong. This lasted for a period of several months. He at last left home and overcame this morbid state of feeling. He next formed a similar attachment for a niece of ten years of age, exhibiting all the uncontrollable emotion and agony that had existed in regard to his half sister. He escaped from the terrible feeling by removing from the immediate neighborhood of the child in question. Some months after his restoration to peace and quiet, he became acquainted with the deceased, who, as has been stated, was working in the house where he boarded with a sister—when she left and went home he also went to her father's house to live—when she went to school he also went to school. In short, he was totally unable to separate himself from her. At times he exhibited great depression and gloom—was much agitated and extremely unhappy and desponding. Friends attempted to arouse him from yielding to attachment which he seemed to speak of so despondingly.

The jury, after retiring for about an hour, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. The prisoner was then sentenced by the court to solitary confinement in the western penitentiary for ten years.—*Eric (Pa.) Observer.*

A ROMANCE OF LIFE IN NEW YORK THAT IS NO FICTION.

A WEALTHY gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. A., had a young and lovely daughter, an only child, just turned sixteen, upon whom his fondest hopes and warmest affections were centered as the companion and solace of his widowed life. Circumstances requiring his frequent absence from the city, he had permitted his daughter to

pass her weekly vacations from school with friends here, whom we shall call Mr. and Mrs. B., who resided up-town, in one of our fashionable neighborhoods.

The young lady became acquainted, accidentally, with a young man, whom we shall call Mr. C., who also resided in this city.

The beauty and fascinations of Miss A. soon captivated him, and Mr. C. became a frequent visitor at the house where she passed her vacations—so frequent that Mr. B. felt it his duty to apprise Mr. A. of the circumstance, lest any responsibility of the consequences might rest upon him or his family.

Mr. A. immediately hastened to the city, and seeking an interview with the young man, forbade any further attentions to his daughter, which, after some hesitation, Mr. C. promised to observe upon the receipt of \$1,000. The sum was promptly paid him, and for a few weeks the matter was apparently disposed of. Miss A. remained at the house of her friends, and, to all appearances, had forgotten Mr. C. as well as the little episode which had occurred in her youthful history. Judge of the surprise of her friends on her informing them, one fine morning, that she had been married three days previously, and that Mr. C. was her husband!

The ceremony had been performed at the residence of a fashionable clergyman, and she had returned directly to the house of her friends, not having since seen her husband. Mr. A., who was absent at the South, was immediately telegraphed to repair to this city, and his anguish on being informed of what had occurred may be imagined.

An interview with the young man satisfied him that it was useless to appeal to his heart or his head, and he, therefore, appealed to his pocket, demanding how much money would induce him to sign a release of his marital rights and relinquish for ever all claims to the young lady. The husband was disinclined to name a sum, and very coolly asked the agonized father how much it would be worth to him to have his daughter back again? "Four thousand dollars," exclaimed Mr. A., "I will cheerfully give you, which, with one thousand already paid, makes five thousand dollars, to which you are welcome, if you will now restore me my child." The husband assented.

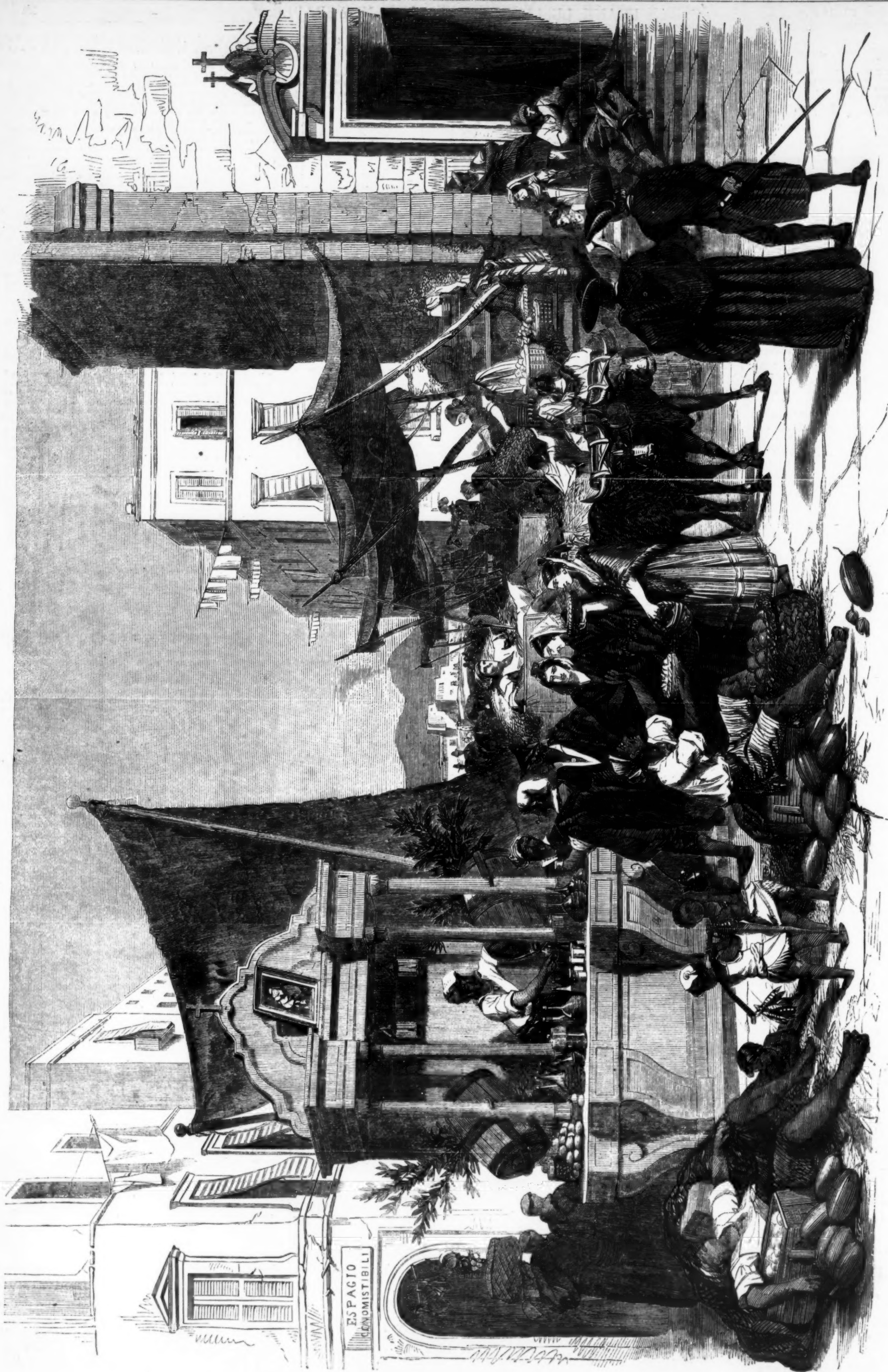
The three drove at once to a lawyer's office, where it was found that it would require some hours to prepare the papers, and it was agreed that the three should meet at 10 o'clock the next morning at the same office to sign the documents, the money meanwhile being paid to Mr. C. and his word of honor given to execute the release.

At nine o'clock the next morning Mr. C. drove to the door of Mr. B., inquiring for Mr. A., and demanded his wife. She, hearing of his being there, entered the room, and in the face of the violated agreement, the payment of the heavy forfeit, the agony of her desolate father, and the warning of her friends, went away with her husband.

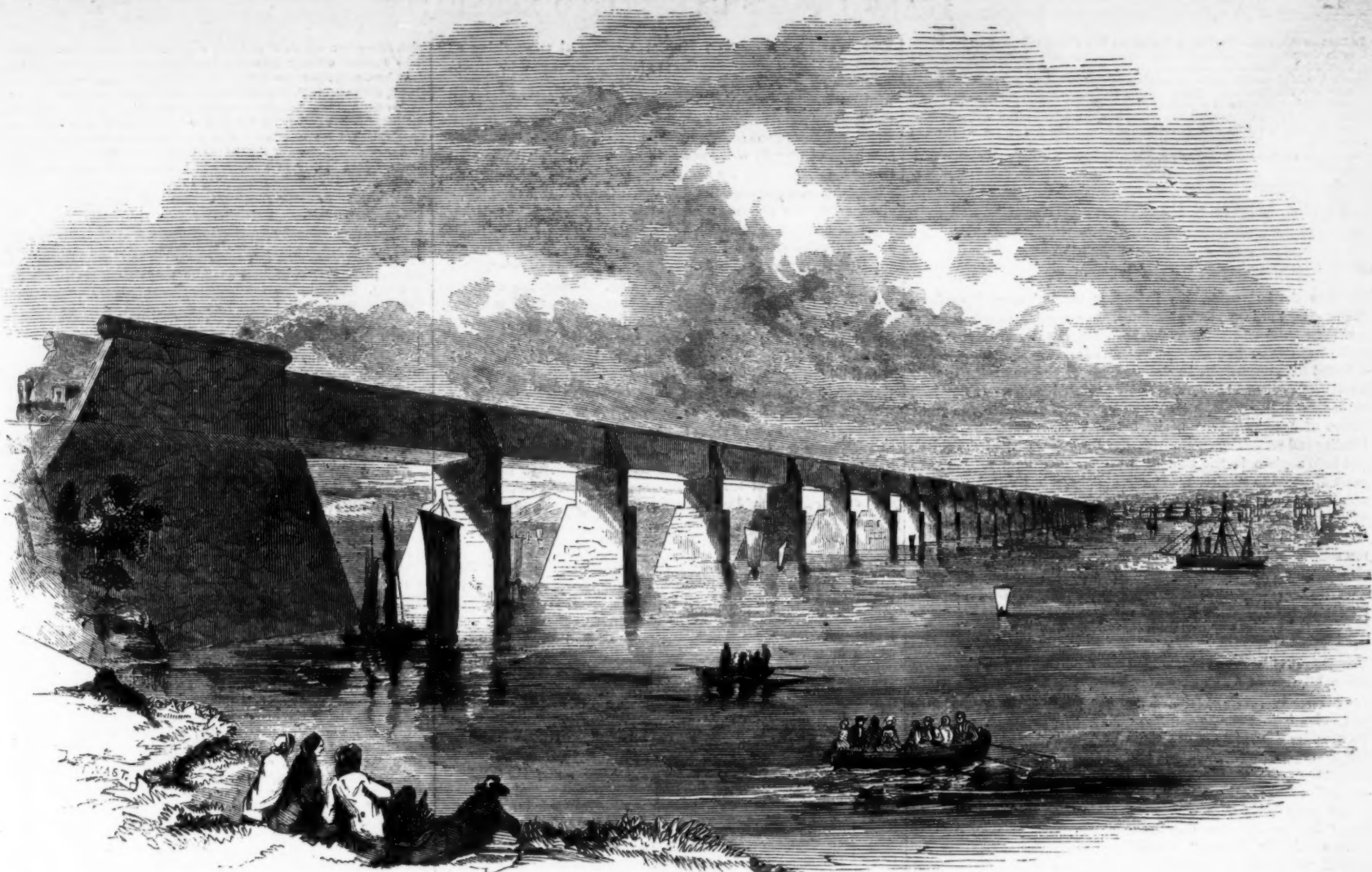
ELOPEMENTS are no longer a novelty in Poughkeepsie, as within the last three months there has been no less than four elopements in that city. The last one which we have to record occurred within the last day or two, the parties to which are, a female who kept a boarding house and one of her boarders, a member of the bar. The unfaithful woman is, we understand, the wife of a respectable blind man, and the mother of three children, and was one of the handsomest women in Poughkeepsie. She is twenty-five years of age and the young man twenty. They were last seen in Albany.

MARKET SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF NAPLES.

OUR beautiful picture represents most vividly the street life of Naples; it is from a sketch by a distinguished Italian artist. The point of interest is one of the markets of the city, presenting at a glance the varied costumes and character peculiar to the country, the peasantry, the market people, and the visitors. In the background, visible through the vista of the street, may be seen the smoking Vesuvius. It seems to be one of the dark chapters of the age, that Naples, with all its classic associations, beautiful climate, and by nature intelligent people, should be oppressed by a despotism more terrible than exists in any other Christian land under the sun, or pagan land either. In spite of the hopes of the American people, Great Britain and France will do nothing for Italy. It is scarcely possible to believe that any good can come of their sympathy after a perusal of the debates at a late meeting of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord John Russell did honor to their own names by their powerful speeches, recapitulating the oppressions endured by the Italians at the hands of the Pope and Kaiser, of petty Duke and petty King; and of the armies of Austria and France in hostile occupation of their soil. But the replies of Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston are of a nature to convince the Italians that the aid to be afforded by England and France will amount to nothing but idle words. At the time of the Conference of Paris there was a prospect, or, at all events, a possibility, that the oppressions of Italy—far more dangerous to the peace of Europe and to the stability of its Governments than the condition of Turkey—might be removed by the inauguration of a new and better system in the Papal States, in Lombardy and Venetia, and in the Two Sicilies; and that the bright example of Sardinia might be made to teach wisdom, if not justice, to the odious tyrants—spiritual and secular—who keep Italy perpetually on the precipice of revolution. But all these hopes have proved baseless; and the sympathy expressed for the Italians has had no other effect than to terrify and exasperate their oppressors, and to rivet still more tightly the chains of their bondage. Great Britain and France have no stomach for the work expected of them. They do not choose to offend a powerful government like Austria. They do not care to do battle for the principle of self-government. They think the risks of the struggle too great and the ultimate results too small, to justify their interference. It would seem as if Napoleon III. and the English Government rued the day when, by accepting the alliance of Sardinia in the war against Russia, they entangled themselves in the cause of Italian freedom. What Italian will now believe that either Government meant what it allowed to be said in its name at Paris? The demands of Count Cavour elicited from Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski an outburst of generosity and good feeling; but have their words been ratified? Were they ever intended by their respective Governments to lead to any result? Whatever Frenchmen and Englishmen may think, Italians will draw their own conclusions, and will nurse their dissatisfaction and their wrath, not only against their open foes but against their false friends—until the hour is ripe to strike a blow for their own deliverance. When that hour comes—and come it must, sooner or later—there will be a general war in Europe. A little more courage and a little more wisdom, during the progress of the war against Russia, and at the Conference of Paris, might have dried up this source of evil. A little more courage and a little more wisdom, even now, if the alliance between France and Great Britain were worth a sixpence, might still prevent it. But the sympathies neither of the British nor of the French Government are on the side of freedom. They disapprove of the doings of the Neapolitan madman; not so much because such doings are wicked, as because they are dangerous to the peace of the world, and tend to the disturbance of that *status quo* which rests upon despotism and upon large standing armies. In order not to interfere too much with despotism, we shall have new compromises, for we live in an age of make-shift and patchwork. Unluckily such compromises settle nothing. They merely postpone the inevitable day of reckoning, and ignore every principle but that of present ease. The designs of Russia on Turkey were but one source of European mischief and contention. The misgovernment of Italy—the fairest region—inhabited by one of the noblest nations in Europe—is a source of peril still greater to the peace of the world. We cannot calculate upon one year, or even one month, of peace, so long as her people are goaded to revolution by such maniacs as the King of Naples, or such greedy oppressors as the Government of Austria. They are but foolish politicians who maintain that the affairs of Italy are no concern of England or France. Mr. Jones, who lives in a wooden house, might as well allege that a fire at the house of Mr. Smith, next door—also a wooden one—was a matter in which he took no interest, and had no call to interfere, and that he would not stir a foot to run for the engines, or a finger to remove his own goods. Such a Mr. Jones would be an arrant fool. If there be any statesmen who think it no business of England or of France if Italy should burn, the common sense of Englishmen and Frenchmen will know how to designate them.



MARKET SCENE IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.



GREAT TUBULAR BRIDGE, GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, MONTREAL, CANADA.

GREAT TUBULAR BRIDGE AT MONTREAL, CANADA.

THE intimate connection between Canada and the United States, since the reciprocity treaty, makes any advancement in internal improvements on the part of Canada of deep interest to the people of the United States. No one can really calculate the happy results in the future which are to flow from the unrestricted intercourse between the two countries. In commercial interests we are one people, in race one people, in soil and climate one people, in government one people, the forms of administration differing, it is true, but the essence and spirit being essentially the same, and being one people, we have only to set ourselves cordially at work, to advance with strides, such as the world has before seldom witnessed. The Grand Trunk Railway is not only our great highway to the Canadas, but it is our *bond of union*, to be only the more dearly prized, as time shall develop its value to the Canadas and to ourselves. Not fully appreciating the importance of this road to Maine until our late visit to Montreal, we have not given it that attention to which it is entitled, and we propose at the present time, to furnish only a few statistics, touching its extent, cost, etc. In length the Grand Trunk Railway will extend 1,112 miles, with a uniform gauge of five feet eight inches. Of this distance, between 700 and 800 miles are now completed, including the branch from Montreal to Portland, 292 miles in length. The entire capital of the company is £9,500,000. From Montreal it extends eastward to Quebec, southward to Portland, and westward to Lake Michigan, by a connection with the Great Western Railway of Canada. This line presents an uninterrupted communication from Portland to Michigan, by a route fifty miles shorter than from New York. Thence by the Michigan Central, Rock Island and Chicago, and Mississippi and Missouri railroads, there is a direct communication with Iowa City. Thus there is a line of railway extending nearly across the continent, of which Canada furnishes the chief portion.

Connected with the Grand Trunk Railway, is one of the most remarkable works that has ever been attempted in the world—the tubular bridge now in course of construction across the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It is thrown across the river at a point where it is two miles in width, at a spot where its course is interrupted by rapids, and where it is exposed every year to immense masses of ice, which are dashed against it by the impetuosity of the current. It was designed by Robert Stephenson, the celebrated English engineer, and the contract price for its construction is £1,400,000. The dimensions of this structure exceed those of the celebrated Menai bridge. It is to be constructed on twenty-four piers, exclusive of the abutments on either side. The centre span will be 330 feet wide, and the other twenty-four—each 220 feet; the abutments from which the tubes spring, each 242 feet long and 90 feet wide; on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, a solid embankment 1,200 feet in length, and on the south shore another 600 feet in length. This immense structure has been pushed forward with considerable energy the summer just past by A. M. Ross, the resident engineer; but even with the greatest efforts it is believed that it cannot be completed within two years, but when finished, it will be the greatest structure of the kind in the world. It may not be out of place in this connection to state, that next in importance to the Grand Trunk is the Great Western Railway, running from Windsor, on the Canada side of the Detroit river, opposite the city of Detroit, to Niagara Falls, where it is connected, by means of a gigantic suspension bridge, with the New York system of railroads. The Hamilton and Toronto road connects it with the Grand Trunk. It has been, from the outset, a remarkably successful road.

Besides these chief lines there are the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron railway, running from Toronto

North to Georgian Bay, ninety-six miles; the Montreal and Bytown railway, 130 miles in length; the Prescott and Ottawa railway, fifty miles long; the Cobourg and Peterborough railway; the Port Hope and Lindsay railroad, thirty-six miles in length; the Buffalo, Brantford and Goderich railroad, connecting Buffalo with Lake Huron, 160 miles long; the Brockville and Ottawa, a feeder of the Grand Trunk, 130 miles long; besides others contracted for or in course of completion.

Probably £18,000,000 sterling have been expended in building

these roads. A line is also in course of construction from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to connect with the Grand Trunk which is designed to obviate the difficulties arising from the long-ice blockade of the St. Lawrence.

MADAME PATANIA.

MADAME PATANIA, who has recently come to this country, obtained considerable reputation as Prima Donna at the Opera Comique, Paris, but has had no fair opportunity yet, we believe, of displaying her power on this side of the Atlantic. Her personal appearance is exceedingly attractive, and her musical ability of a high order. Her husband, M. Patania, is a gentleman of fine artistic ability, and has already enriched the salons of many of our prominent citizens with displays of his power, both as an artist with the pencil and in the facile clay. The progress of good taste is impelled onward by the advent of such cultivated people in our midst, and among the refined they should ever be greeted with welcome.



MADAME PATANIA. DRAWN BY MRS. PATANIA.

LONDON DETECTIVES.—The London Quarterly Review says: "The principal sign by which a thief may be detected in any assembly, is the wandering of his eye. Whilst those about him are either listening to a speaker or witnessing a spectacle, his orbits are peering restlessly, not to say anxiously around. When the thief-taker sees this, he knows his man. One of the detective police who attended at the laying of the foundation stone of the Duke of Wellington's College, thus explained to us the capture of a gentlemanly-looking person who was present on that occasion: 'If you ask me to give my reasons why I thought this person a thief the moment I saw him, I could not tell you; I did not even know myself. There was something about him, as about all swell mobmen, that immediately attracted my attention, and led me to bend my eye upon him. He did not appear to notice my watching him, but passed on into the thick of the crowd, but then he turned and looked towards the spot in which I was—this was enough for me. Although I had never seen him before, and he had not, to my knowledge, attempted any pocket, I immediately made my way toward him, and tapping him upon the shoulder, asked him abruptly, 'What do you do here?' Without any hesitation, he said in an under-tone, 'I should not have come if I had known I should have seen any of you.' I then asked him if he was working with any companions, and he said 'No, upon my word, I am alone,' and upon this I took him off to the room which we had provided for the safe keeping of the swell mobmen."

A MAN SALTED DOWN BY HIS OWN REQUEST.—A singular circumstance recently occurred in Miller county, Illinois. An old man named Wilson, aged 80, died, having made arrangements with certain persons not to bury him, but to have his entrails taken out and put in a box and placed beside his coffin, which he has had over ten years. He was then filled with salt and sewed up with a grape vine or something of that sort. He was then carried to the repository of his coffin—a cavity in a perpendicular bluff, about fifty or sixty feet from the bottom. About two hundred persons were present.

FEMALE TACT.—Fanny Horton, a celebrated English actress, being blazed in her youth, had the boldness to come before the audience and ask, "Which do you dislike, my playing or my person?" "The playing! the playing!" was the cry from all sides. "Well, that consoles me," was the answer; "my playing may be bettered, but my person I cannot alter." She soon became the favorite of the public.

The Geographical and Statistical Society have elected Col. Fremont an honorary member. The Rev. Dr. Hawks has been elected President for the ensuing year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trübner & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13, 1856.

PALMER'S MARBLES.

WITHIN the last week, Mr. Palmer, so widely known throughout the country as the "Albany Sculptor," has opened an exhibition of some few specimens of his works, including statues, busts, (portraits and ideal,) bas-relief, alto-relievo, alto-basso, repose and motion, selected from one hundred specimens, comprising some of the early as well as some of his more recently executed works. It was with more than ordinary pleasure that we examined this collection of the labors of American genius, and beheld results, which for beauty, ideality and truthfulness, vie with any modern works of the chisel, and hold a place in the boasted creations of antiquity. We were more disposed to admire, because Mr. Palmer has relied upon his own innate ideas of excellence, improved by reflection, and the study of nature as witnessed about him, instead of servilely worshipping the past, and burying his originality under the accumulated dust of the self-relying creations of other times. We shall never as a people fully appreciate art, until we can be as fearless in our ideas of its development, as we have been independent in our political and social institutions, for there is no more absolute necessity of clinging to the past in our ideas of art, than there is for the constructor of our ships stultifying themselves by alone following the models of classic Greece. It is for such reasons that we hail with intense pleasure the exhibition of "Palmer's Marbles;" they are creations which the really fastidious will admire, and the affectedly learned in art, will feel safe in pronouncing "really good." In many particulars we consider this the best exhibition of statuary ever presented to the American public, and we know of few foreign collections of the same number of pieces, when entirely representing the labors of one artist, that could surpass it.

The most prominent object upon entering the exhibition is the "Indian Girl, or the dawn of Christianity." A "Wild Flower of the Forest" stands contemplating a cross, the symbol of Christianity, and although to the untutored mind of the savage this emblem could have no associations of interest, still the idea is poetical, and we can appreciate the sculptor's thought, who has supposed that the "conscience unto themselves" has given a ray of light to this poor girl, and thus dawned into her dark mind the first inklings of the story of the redemption. To our mind, the story would have been better told were it of some child of New England parentage, stolen when still but an infant, and carried into the forest wilds, and there reared in all the idolatry of benighted paganism,—such a child might, after years of forgetfulness, be awakened to the associations of a long-lost intelligence—and to such a one the cross would speak, would thrill the soul, would fix the face with entire absorption, would start into life the refinement of woman's nature, and, even as she beheld, create a new birth in her intellect, a new and thorough change in all her aspirations. Such are the triumphs portrayed by the magic of the sculptor's art, and no one can contemplate them without entering into the spirit of the scene and insensibly feeling the same holy influences that are stealing over the thoughts of the Indian maiden.

The gem of the collection, to our thinking, is the less ambitious work entitled "Resignation." We have never seen in "stoned marble" a sweeter face, nor woman's mind, in its best estate, better portrayed in physical form. Here is an entire departure from the "cold classic;" an individualized, living, breathing, every-day face is before you—yet so lovely, so ideal, so full of all that is good, genial and heavenly, that you feel justified in almost worshipping the rare specimen of "God's last best gift to man." Kindred with this wonderful creation is that of "Spring," only less beautiful because of less high aim. In both these busts is to be seen hair for the first time perfectly rendered in marble. Nothing like this softness and delicacy was ever before approached in such hard material. In the bust of "Spring," where the band wraps as a fillet round the head, we make no hesitation in saying that nothing equal to it exists in ancient or modern art. Our space will not permit us to write what we desire to say, or even refer to the names of other pieces which particularly attracted our attention. We trust that not a person in our city, who claims to have taste, will fail to visit the "Palmer Marbles."

MISS THERESE ESMONDE'S READINGS.

THIS gifted young lady gave a reading-entertainment from the poets at the Stuyvesant Institute last week, which was very well attended. Her selections were most judicious. The leading poem was, "The Convict Ship," which originally appeared in the November number of Mrs. Stephens's Illustrated Magazine, and was written by the editress. It possesses great power and was rendered by Miss E. with fine effect. Her voice is clear and melodious, and her elocution worthy of praise. No young lady, since Fanny Kemble, who has appeared before the public, has surpassed Miss Esmonde as a reader, and certainly none has equalled her in personal appearance. When her face is lit up with animation, it wears an expression of positive beauty that sets the hearts of the younger portion of the auditors knocking most audibly.

Our article on Thalberg, illustrated by his portrait, will be found at this time of musical interest. It gives a good idea of his early life and of his progress toward perfection as a master of the pianoforte.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, the distinguished authoress, has entirely recovered from her recent severe attacks of illness, and has made a short jaunt into the country to recuperate her overtaxed energies. She is visiting the classic valley of Wyoming, already rendered so famous as the scene of her own beautiful story of "Mary Derwent," and Campbell's exquisite poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming." The people of that locality should feel highly honored by this visitation, as she will doubtless gather fresh materials for her elegant and wonderful pen.

THE WOMEN TO HAVE A HOSPITAL.—Several enterprising and benevolent ladies are moving for the establishment of a hospital for sick women and children in this city, to be managed by women, with women for nurses, and women for physicians. Foremost in this praiseworthy enterprise, are Drs. Elizabeth Blackwell, Maria E. Zackrashefska and Emily Blackwell, all professional ladies of distinction, and already well known to hundreds of sick of their sex, through the agency of the dispensary, where they are the attending physicians. In order to raise funds for commencing a hospital, in addition to the dispensary, these ladies with their friends have organized a sewing society, and have held weekly meetings for several months past with the design of holding a Fair. This Fair commenced at the Stuyvesant Institute, on Thursday evening last, and will continue until Saturday evening. Among the donors to this admirable enterprise, it may not be out of place to name Messrs. Appleton & Francis, who supply a splendid book-table; Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood, who furnish an unlimited quantity of their unrivaled premium skirts; Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co., who send one of the first class cabinet sewing machines, and Messrs. Goupil & Co., who have given liberally, with hundreds of others whose names have not come to our notice. We shall go in for a chance at the sewing machine! This attempt to establish a hospital where women can have an equal chance as patients and practitioners, marks a new era in our medical history, and as it has the hearty sympathy of some of our best citizens, and is fully in accordance with an intelligent public sentiment, there is every prospect of its entire success.

GRAND BALL.—SANTA CLAUS ASSOCIATION.—The Santa Claus Association will celebrate their returning anniversary, on Monday, Dec. 15th, 1856, by a grand ball at Niblo's Saloon. Every preparation is completed to have the affair pass off with universal eclat. Dodworth's full band will be in attendance. The dancing will commence at nine o'clock precisely. Mr. Barker, a member of the association has shown us a badge to be worn on the occasion, which, from its novelty, will be illustrated in the next number of our paper.

LITERARY.

MRS. STEPHENS' ILLUSTRATED NEW MONTHLY FOR JANUARY.

This excellent magazine has now got to be regarded as a fixed fact in the literature of the day. With the opening year it commences a second volume under the most favorable auspices; its success is fully established, and the "New Monthly" of Mrs. Stephens may be set down as one of the permanent "institutions" of the land. It has most triumphantly bridged over the first season of doubt and difficulty, and its future cannot fail to be even more brilliant than its past career. This is attributable solely to the energy and ability of the editress who draws around her the best talent of the country and whose efforts are ably seconded by the taste and experience of her publishers. The illustrations in each number possess the highest artistic merit, and an equal amount of attractive and really readable matter is rarely found between the covers of any periodical.

AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF FAMILY CHRISTIAN NAMES: With an Essay on their derivation and import. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, M. A. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York.

"To find out the true origin of surnames is full of difficulty," so says old Camden, and so say we. To obviate this difficulty, Mr. Arthur has published the work before us, and thus supplied a desideratum felt by every one who is curious, or "literary." Much labor has been spent upon the Dictionary; it has been prepared by long and careful research and study of the several languages from which the names are derived.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By T. BABINGTON MACAULAY. New and Revised Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 346 and 348 Broadway. 1856. Five Vols.

THE very general and high commendation bestowed by the press and the community upon the American edition of Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings has induced the publishers to issue a new edition embracing the remainder of the articles in the Edinburgh Review, and several articles written and published while the author was at college. The Boston publisher's brief advertisement of 1840, so aptly expresses our own views, that we transcribe it entire:

"These volumes contain the miscellaneous writings of Thomas Babington Macaulay, consisting of various essays which have appeared in the English Reviews, principally the Edinburgh, since the year 1825, printed from a list corrected by himself. His articles have been universally admired, both in England and America, for their vivid eloquence, extensive learning and splendor of illustration; and the publisher has had reason to believe that a collected edition of them would be received with favor by the American public. It has been his aim to present them in a form worthy of the high merit of their contents."

"Mr. Macaulay has not been exclusively occupied with the literary productions which have given him so brilliant a reputation. He has hardly been less distinguished in public life. He came into Parliament shortly before the debates upon the Reform Bill, and his speeches, especially upon that question, were highly eloquent, vigorous and effective. He resided for some time in India, in a lucrative and responsible official capacity. He returned to England in 1837, and became a Member of Parliament for Edinburgh, and also Secretary at War, which gave him a seat in the Cabinet. He is in the prime of life, and we may indulge the hope that the literature of his language may be enriched by further contributions from his pen. Living in another hemisphere, we should regret to see his great powers of varied attainments wholly absorbed in politics—in employments which many others, probably, can discharge as well, and which occupy his time and thoughts to the exclusion of those literary pursuits, in some departments of which none can dispute the palm with him."

Since the above was written, Mr. Macaulay has retired altogether from public life, and is now devoting all the energies of his splendid intellect to the completion of what he undoubtedly regards as the greatest and crowning work of his life—"The History of England." Unsurpassed as this history is in ability and interest, it is fully equalled by these volumes of miscellanies. Unless we might possibly except "Kit North"—the late Professor John Wilson—no writer of the last quarter century can be mentioned in comparison with Macaulay in this peculiar field of labor. The variety of subject, felicity of diction, wealth of imagery, affluence of language and gorgeousness of style, challenge the admiration of the reader on almost every page. Scott's prose so overshadowed his poetry that he is universally regarded rather as a great romanticist than poet. Precisely the opposite of this holds true in regard to Macaulay. And yet "The Lays of Ancient Rome"—bound up in these volumes—alone have put the stamp of immortality upon Macaulay. No poet of his time has written more ringing rhyme. The English language does not contain a finer poem, for reading aloud, than "Horatius Cocles."

In publishing these miscellanies in their present convenient and beautiful library form, the Messrs. Appleton have supplied a great existing want, and yielded to a pressing public demand. The cheap editions hitherto offered to the American public have been printed with such poor paper and miserable typography as to make them positively painful to the eye. The volumes under notice are of the most desirable size, and are published in the same style of general excellence that marks all the books issued from the press of Appleton & Co.

HARPER'S PICTURE BOOKS ABOUT COMMON THINGS. By JACOB ABBOTT.

THIS is another volume of the series—each complete in itself—of interesting pictorial for juveniles, which are welcomed with delight by those to whom they are addressed. Mr. Abbott possesses remarkable originality and power as a writer, and the ease with which he adapts his thoughts to the capacity of "Young America" will be unquestioned by none who have glanced at his books. They are profusely embellished with original and valuable engravings illustrative of common things. The eye and ear are addressed in such a manner as to captivate the attention and awaken inquiry concerning common objects around them, so that by easy induction, children are led to acquire instruction in relation to matters about which too many "children of a larger growth" are lamentably ignorant.

ROME, CHRISTIAN AND PAPAL. By L. DE SANCER, D. D. Harper & Brothers. 1856.

ALMOST all of the information in regard to the religious movements, ceremo-

nies, and other objects of curiosity and interest about "the Eternal City," have reached us only through a Catholic medium, and, as a consequence, have been altogether one-sided. We have here the testimony of a Papish Priest, converted to Protestantism, whose ability is evidenced by his book, and by the fact that he holds a leading professorship in one of the Swiss Universities. The integrity of the author is not only unimpeached and unimpeachable, but his statements also bear internal evidence of sincerity and truth. This exposition of the ecclesiastical hierarchy is in the shape of familiar letters, twenty in number, and the volume is enriched with highly interesting and explanatory engravings.

LENA RIVERS. By MARY J. HOLMES. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1856.

A CLEVER delineation of New England character, founded upon real personages and events. The picture is not overdrawn, for the rugged hills of New England hold more than one 'Lena' with her high temper, extreme beauty, and rare combination of those qualities which make the female character so lovely. Kentucky life and character are equally truthfully depicted, and show that the authoress must have had personal experience in the "Sunny South." Like "Tempest and Sunshine," by the same author, this book is not only interesting, but elevated in its aim.

LEAVES OF GRASS. By WALT WHITMAN.

WE find upon our table (and shall put into the fire) a thin octavo volume, handsomely printed and bound, with the above curious title. We shall not aid in extending the sale of this intensely vulgar, nay, absolutely *beastly* book, by telling our readers where it may be purchased. The only review we shall attempt of it, will be to thus publicly call the attention of the grand jury to a matter that needs presentment by them, and to mildly suggest that the author should be sent to a lunatic asylum, and the mercenary publishers to the penitentiary for pandering to the prurient tastes of morbid sensualists. Ralph W. Emerson's name appears as an indorser of these (so-called) poems (?)—God save the mark! We can only account for this strange fatuity upon the supposition that the letter is a forgery, that Mr. E. has not read some passages in the book, or that he lends his name to this vile production of a vitiated nature or diseased imagination, because the author is an imitator of his style, and apes him occasionally in his transcendentalisms. Affectation is as pitiful an ambition in literature as alliteration, and never has it been more fully exhibited during the present century than in the case of Thomas Carlyle, a man with an order of intellect approaching genius, but who for a distinguishing mark to point like a finger-board to himself, left a very terse and effective style of writing to adopt a jargon filled with new-fangled phrases and ungrammatical superlative adjectives—Mr. Carlyle buried himself for a long time in German universities and German philosophy, and came forth clothed in a full "old clothes" suit of transcendentalism worthy of the Chatham street embodiments of that pseudo-philosophy, Kant and Spinoza—Carlyle by this operation became a full-fledged Psyche from the chrysalis, and sported in the sunshine of popularity, whereupon a young gentleman ambitious of making New England an umbrage of Scottish-Germanic glory, one Ralph Waldo Emerson, suddenly transforms himself into a metaphysical transcendentalist and begins talking about "Objective and Subjective," the "Inner and Outer," the "Real and Ideal," the "God-heads and God-tails," "Planes," "Spheres," "Finite, Infinite," "Unities," and "Dualities," "Squalls, Ipecac," "Cascading and Cavoring," &c., &c. And lo! another appeared after this Mr. Emerson, one Walt Whitman, who kicked over the whole bucket of the Milky Way, and deluged the world with the whey, curds and bonny-clabber of Brooklyn—which has resulted from the turning of the milk of human kindness in a "b'boy's" brains to the cream of Tartar—and a delicious dish of the same is now furnished under cover of Leaves of Grass, and indorsed by the said Emerson, who swallows down Whitman's vulgarity and beastliness as if they were curds and whey. No wonder the Boston female schools are demoralized when Emerson, the head of the moral and solid people of Boston, indorses Whitman, and thus drags his slimy work into the sanctum of New England firesides.

THE PROGRESSION OF CORONATIONS.—Now that the new Czar's coronation is over, malignant people are exclaiming against its extravagance. The mathematical amuse themselves by discovering that the cost of Russian coronations has increased in quintuple geometrical progression since the time of Paul. The figures stand:

Paul.....	silver roubles	120,000	\$90,000
Alexander I.....	silver roubles	600,000	450,000
Nicholas.....	silver roubles	3,000,000	2,250,000
Alexander II.....	silver roubles	15,000,000	11,250,000

It was very fortunate for the Russian people that Nicholas lived so long, and long life will be still more desirable in the present Czar, if the next coronation is to carry on the progression, and cost \$50,000,000.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—The backbone of an immense animal, the megatherium, was recently discovered in the bed of the river Ancholme, near Brigg, Lincolnshire. The hock is sixty-four inches in circumference, and the bottom part of the bone is forty-eight inches.

A FRENCH STORY.—The penny-a-liners of the French newspapers invent much more ingenious and striking incidents than the English. For instance, the *Courier de Limoges* has the following:

"As a tradesman of Tarascon was a few nights ago, at a late hour, going in his gig to Brives, he overtook, in a desolate part of the road near Puyfort, an elegantly dressed young woman, who appeared greatly fatigued. Astonished to see a woman of her appearance alone on the highway at such an hour, he stopped and questioned her, and she, after some hesitation, said in a soft voice: 'Ah, sir, I am very unhappy. My husband, in consequence of a quarrel we happened to have, has just flung me out of a post-chaise, and I am now going I know not where.' The tradesman said she would do well to go to Brives, the nearest town, and offered her a seat by his side; but she said, with an air of great modesty, that she could not think of accompanying a perfect stranger. The tradesman, however, insisted, and after a little while she got into the gig. The conversation that ensued soon assumed a tender tone, and the tradesman ventured to press the hand of the lady and to take a peep into her face, which, from what he thought was modesty, he had kept averted from him. He then saw two fierce eyes and a rough beard, and the sight struck him with terror. After a moment's reflection, however, he let drop his pocket-handkerchief into the road, and said he, 'Madame, I must stop for a moment to pick up my pocket-handkerchief; but no, my horse is so vicious that I cannot leave him; is it taking too great a liberty to ask you to pick up the handkerchief for me?' 'Not at all, Sir,' said the pretended lady, jumping from the gig; and at the same moment the tradesman, whipping his horse, drove off as fast as he possibly could. A basket left by the bandit in the gig was found to contain a poniard and two pistols."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHN HANCOCK.—One who saw John Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to his custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days. As recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style—a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home; at this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, with silk stockings and red morocco slippers. It was a general practice in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit Hancock took from the cooler, standing on the hearth, a full tankard, and drank first himself, and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver, lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune at that period, and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on the sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion.

A SERIOUS JOKE.—A wealthy gentleman in Boston, whose benevolence is rather in excess of his discretion, has ordered of the American Bible Society a number of imperial quarto bibles, bound in Turkey morocco, with panel covers, each to be inclosed in a rosewood case, and presented to each of the crowned heads of the world. The books will cost about \$30 a copy. The crowned heads will be rather puzzled to know what the gift means; the Catholic crowned heads, such as King Bomba, for instance, will either throw them into the fire, or send the messengers who deliver them to the Inquisition. Since Lord Timothy Dexter made a shipment of warming pans to the West Indies, no New-England has undertaken so novel a speculation.

COTTON AND CORN.—The cotton crop has not increased half so rapidly as the corn crop, and the claim of the former to the title of "king" is only in its influence upon the commercial interests of the country. The cotton crop of 1851 was nine hundred and twenty-seven millions of pounds, valued at one hundred and twelve millions of dollars; while the corn crop of 1850 was five hundred and ninety-two millions of bushels, which, at the lowest possible price at which it can be estimated, is of far greater value than the cotton crop.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

A NEWLY married man declared that if he were happier he could not live. His wife and sister are obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a shingle every day, to keep him from collapsing with happiness.

A biographical notice in a Boston paper of a lawyer, lately deceased, terminates as follows:

"He never delayed an honest claimant in obtaining his just claim, and never aided a dishonest man in prosecuting an unjust demand."

This is high praise for a member of the legal profession, but we fear the good man must have had very few clients and very little business.

"Have you any thick little boy's outside overcoats?" said Mrs. Partington, as she entered the "Rotundity" at Oak Hall, as she called it. The young man in attendance smilingly asked her how thick the little boy was. She looked at him a moment, and seeing that he didn't know any better, she explained that it was a thick coat she wanted for Ike. "Would you like a Raglan?" said he, taking up a coat thus denominated. "Raglan!" replied she, with a tone of astonishment; "no, I want a new one; this is rag enough without any more," pointing to the garment worn by the boy, that showed sundry fringes that were no ornaments. He explained that it was a new garment of the description that she wanted, and uttering a very extended "O!" she proceeded to negotiate. Ike was delighted with the spacious pockets, and when he got home the old woman took out of them four apples, a pint of peanuts, a pocket comb, a "House that Jack built" handkerchief, a top string, six buttons, a dozen matches, four pieces of slate pencil, a bit of beeswax, and two cents.

An exchange paper gives the following case of absence of mind: A girl who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out after having passed a delightful evening, and, in bashful trepidation, she blew us out of the door and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it.

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't get in a fluster and go on a buster, nor allow yourself to be terrified by; but keep a cool head, and never be led, to join in a hurrah and spree.

A wealthy lady in Boston, on being told that several poor people had died of starvation, in a wretched part of the city, said, with a lofty contempt:

"What silly people; before I'd starve I'd eat brown bread and mutton!"

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a missionary of an elderly lady, who responded to his knock.

"Leave some tracts—certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel towards the house, if you please."

A boy, on being told to decline the word "boil," said: "Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative bust."

An Illinois lawyer, defending a thief, wound up his speech to the jury in behalf of his injured client, with the following rousing appeal: "True, he was rude—so air our bars. True, he was rough—so air our buffaloes. But he was a child of freedom, and his answer to the despot and tyrant was, that his home was on the bright setting of the sun!"

The bachelors of Gloucester are an ungallant, musty, fusty set of fellows. At their annual supper, a few nights ago, the following was one of the toasts: "Our Future Wives—Distance lends enchantment to the view."

SLIDING SCALE OF CRIME.—De Quincy says, "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking, and from that to incivility and procrastination."

FASHIONABLE DEFINITIONS.—What is fashion? Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning. What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue-tailed dog with green paws. What is joy? To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars, or cheat the printer out of a year's subscription. What is knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words to be better than your neighbor.

RAILROAD EPIGRAMS.—The following collection of epitaphs explain themselves:

"A sudden pitch
From a misplaced switch
Laid me dead in a ditch."
"Off the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned and I was crushed."
"Here repose two victims, staked
At one blow by the same snake-head."
"What is life? 'tis but a vision.
Here I died by a collision.
Twenty more died by the same,
Verdict—'Nobody to blame.'"
"Sister, mother, aunt, and me,
Were run over. Here we be.
We should have had time to mizzle,
If they'd blown the engine whistle."

A jolly old darkey down South bought himself a new shiny hat, and when it commenced raining he put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied: "De hat's mine; bought him with my own money; head 'longs to massa; let him take care he own property."

"Neighbor Jones," said a rigid church member, "I have been informed that you often drive your team, and even go a fishing or a hunting on the Sabbath." "True," replied Jones, "but then on those occasions I always whistle psalm tunes!"

PANTHER SHOOTING IN RHODE ISLAND.

LAST Sunday morning, at about twelve o'clock, when some of our good people were kept awake by what seemed to us the very disagreeable sound of the democratic guns, Mr. Edwin C. Nichols, of Coventry, who had been kept awake by something almost as bad, a violent toothache, concluded that he would relieve the pain by a stroll in the woods and a shot at a rabbit or two. So, taking his trusty double-barrelled gun, and calling his faithful dog, which was quite as ready as himself for anything that promised a bit of sport, he started; and hardly had he closed the door behind him when the dog gave note that he was on a track. Supposing that the animal had started a rabbit, he followed on not a little surprised at the conduct of his dog, which, instead of pushing boldly on to the game, kept within hailing distance of his master, and frequently turned around to be sure that he was following. Presently they arrived at a thicket of brushwood, and Mr. Nichols heard something plunging through the leaves and branches very different from a rabbit. It proceeded with long, steady leaps, crushing the undergrowth at every stride.

The dog and his master, whose curiosity was now fully aroused that he quite forgot his toothache, followed behind till the animal mounted a tree, and for the first time our Coventry Nimrod caught a glimpse of the game in the moonlight, partially obscured by the branches of the tree. It was evidently an animal quite different from anything that he had been accustomed to chase in the woods of Coventry. He could only see that it appeared five or six feet in length, and that it was so heavy that the branches bent beneath its weight. Placing himself in a favorable position, he put a charge of shot into it, which had no other effect than to send it higher up the tree, which at the top seemed hardly strong enough to support it. The animal again gave the unknown beast the contents of the other barrel, when the animal, leaping from the tree and striking thin ten feet of the sportsman, sprang into the bushes.

The dog followed, and springing on the back of the animal, found himself in a position where it was very difficult to hold on and very unsafe to let go. He chose the latter, however, and made his escape with less damage than was to be expected under the circumstances. Seeing what little effect shot had upon the strange beast, Mr. Nichols concluded to try the virtue of ball. He returned to his home, aroused his brother-in-law, and the two proceeded to the house of John James, of Greenwich, who needed no urging to join the chase. Thus re-inforced, with their guns loaded with ball, and with Mr. James's dog, they started again, and soon reached the

place where the "varmint" was last seen. After a search, it was discovered wounded, but still strong and fierce. Mr. James put a ball in his neck, and Mr. Nichols followed with another in his vitals.

The animal proved to be a panther, seven feet in length to the end of his tail, and weighing a hundred pounds. Yesterday he was brought into town, and was seen by a great many people at Tilling-hast Almy's store. Not a few of the spectators were so affected at the sight that they found it necessary to "take a little something." It is Mr. Almy's intention to stuff the skin and to place it in his establishment in New York, well known to his Providence friends to get a breakfast or a dinner. Meantime, it will be exhibited for two days at No. 183 Westminster street.

Some two years ago three animals—a tiger, a bear, and a panther—got loose from a menagerie on the Stonington Railroad. The bear was killed, and the owner brought a suit against the corporation; but the court decided that a railroad was not responsible for the custody of wild beasts that broke away from their cages. It was considered at the time that the decision was a remarkable evidence of the power which these giant corporations have obtained over all departments of the government; but it has never been reversed.

This panther was, doubtless, the one killed by our young friend, Mr. Nichols. The tawny color is sufficient evidence, if any were needed, that it could not have been a native of this region, and we utterly reject the theory that connects the animal in any way with the one majority for Buchanan in the single town that the Democrats carried in Kent county. For we should have stated that the panther, although started in Coventry, made his way directly, and it would seem instinctively, to West Greenwich, where he was killed, the Town Clerk, Major James, being present and assisting.—Providence Journal, Nov. 18.

GALLANT BOY—ASTONISHING FEAT.—We have just been informed of a remarkable circumstance, which deserves to be recorded in print. About two weeks ago two sons of Mr. J. S. Whitte, of Monterey, in Owen county, Kentucky, one ten years old and the other eight, rode their father's horse to the Kentucky river to water. The horse plunged in and attempted to swim across the river with both the boys upon his back. When near the middle of the stream they tried to turn the horse back toward the other shore. This made him capsize, and both the boys slipped off into the water and the horse left them. As they slipped off, the elder said to the younger, "Hold on to me and I'll swim out with you." He did hold on, and the other actually swam ashore with him upon his back—dragging at the same time through the water a tin bucket which the younger had strung by the bail upon his arm. When was a more remarkable feat ever accomplished by a boy of ten years?

"THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE."—A widow, who lost her husband in the Crimean war, writes to an English provincial paper, "that she has been informed by the Commissary General that £26 10s 9d is due, and will be paid to the next of the kin upon a declaration made before a magistrate being forwarded to him." On receiving this notice she went to the Borough Court to make the required declaration—was referred by the judge to his clerk; the clerk said a proper form must be drawn up by a solicitor—and the solicitor said that he must write to London upon the matter before it could be done! The widow asks the editor what she shall do, and he replies he "cannot advise her." This is in "routine and class-ridden England," but the round-aboutness is not confined to that country. Something like it occurs occasionally—elsewhere.

COTTON SEED.—The New Orleans *Picayune* notices the engagement of a ship of 800 tons to take a full cargo of cotton seed from that port to Providence, R. I., where the article is to be turned into oil and oil cake. An extensive factory for extracting oil from the seed of cotton is already in operation in Rhode Island, and one or two companies are forming in Boston with the object of getting up similar establishments there. This is an enterprise in which the South is greatly interested, promising as it does to convert an article hitherto worse than useless into one of great commercial value.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

(Concluded from page 48.)

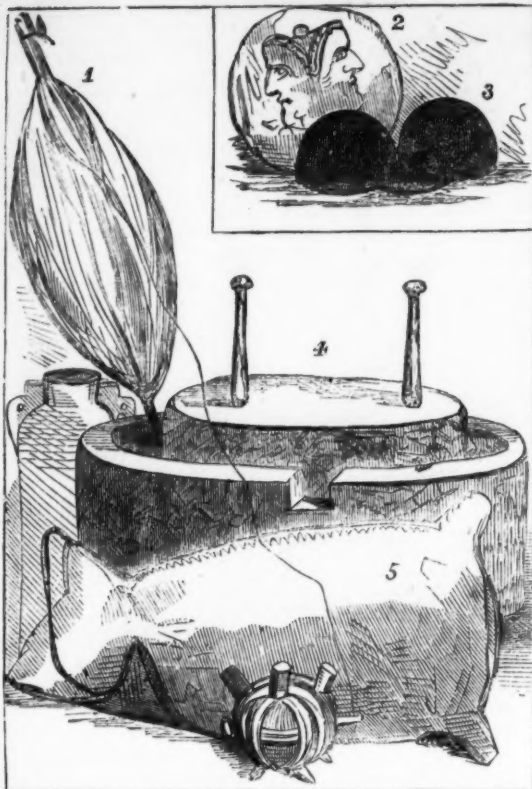
translated their musical thought. As yet ignorant of its capacity to find that thought a voice, they were unable fully to develop its power in their writings. In each of them we may consequently remark that song and harmony, on the one hand, and brilliancy on the other, are almost invariably separated. Indeed, these two elements of music for the pianoforte only appear in turn, and this, too, in an order which, at the time we are speaking of, was considered to be the perfection of musical symmetry upon the instrument. In the more brilliant passages of either of these two schools the scales are almost predominant. They appear only at long intervals, and almost invariably in the same or a well-nigh similar form. In the singing and harmonious passages, if the two hands are brought into juxtaposition they merely occupy one side of the key-board. Should they be widely separated, a definite void is left between them, and the harmony is unfulfilled. The idea struck him that, with the great advance which was then being made almost daily in the construction of the instrument, the composer for it was also bound to advance. But the advance of the composer was, in this period of comparative unacquaintance with the piano, a musical problem. Into this problem, which he had suggested to himself, he threw his whole soul, and conceived the idea of blending song and harmony intimately with brilliancy of passage and manipulative execution, instead of permitting them formally to alternate one with the other as they had previously done. Thinking that the whole of the key-board might be taught to speak at once, (or at the least nearly so,) through its whole compass, he devoted himself to the origination and perfection of a thoroughly new school upon the instrument. But, with the gradual maturity and almost insensible development of this thought, he was necessitated to form what might, with great propriety, be called a new system of fingering. He was led to introduce into the old style a number of new and ingenious combinations. By these he was enabled to strongly accent the melody in the midst of the most rapid *arpeggio* passages, and to give it a voice through the most complicated forms of accompaniments. In his new system, the scale ceased to be a principal part in the formularies required of a brilliant pianist. Various forms of *arpeggio* took their place. The fingering was very greatly modified, if not altogether changed, and the frequent passage of the thumb became one of its essential characteristics. In fact it was by means of the thumb taken alternately in the two hands that the melody established itself in the centre of the instrument.

It must not, however, for a moment be supposed that this revolution in the style of handling the piano was an immediate one. On the contrary, it was but by degrees that Sigismund Thalberg consummated this innovation, and gave birth to a school of pianists of which, however, though individuals may vary in their immediate personal characteristics, he must ever be regarded as the parent and originator. Fiery and hundred-fingered Leopold De Meyer, left-handed Dreychock, and wooden-fingered Doehler, and Hers the brilliant, as performers upon the piano, have all modeled or modified themselves upon the principles which his musical intuition developed. At the same time, it must be remembered that he is not responsible for all their vagaries of hand, although he first opened up to them the possibility of indulging in them. The sins of the school—such, for example, as Dreychock's thumping and De Meyer's thunder—are not to be visited upon his head any more than the femininely opaline melody of Doehler is attributable to him; for whatever others may have done, Sigismund Thalberg has very certainly never prostituted the piano to the condition of a mere machine for the exhibition of complicated fingering, but as certainly are the merits and excellences which he originated indisputably his individual property. While he was making this stupendous advance gradually and decidedly upon the old school of piano-playing, he commenced, in 1830, an artistic tour throughout the whole of Germany. Everywhere was the youthful genius received with distinguished honor. In Munich he was absolutely feted by the principal nobility, and marked out by Ludwig Von Baiern as a recipient of his special friendship, among a series of the most remarka-

ble men of the time. When at Berlin he was summoned to Potsdam, where he played before the King and Queen of Prussia, at a private *soirée* in the Palace.

In the year 1834 was it, and after his return to Vienna, that he was created Pianist to the Imperial chamber of Austria. It was in this position that he was called upon to accompany the Austrian Emperor, Ferdinand, to Toplitz. The occasion was the meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia. It would be needless to say that this *rencontre* of the three crowned heads was marked by the most splendid festivities. Here did he place the seal upon his German reputation. His playing awakened a warm admiration, and he was already recognized, although barely twenty-two years of age, as one of the musical royalties of the day. He was already the greatest pianist in Central Europe. On this occasion was it, as we have been told, that after listening to him one evening, the Emperor of Russia (this was the Czar Nicholas, lately deceased) said to him: "You, also, Herr Thalberg, appear to have taken up the position of a reformer—a musical one. Your object will, doubtless, be consummated, because an artistic reform may be wrought out without bloodshed. The only obstinate things in this world are cannon and bayonets." By-the-bye, it appears to us that, in saying this, the Czar made an error. He might have added—crowned heads. Had he chanced to have received a portion of his education upon this side of the Atlantic, he would very certainly have done so. But, in originating the musical revolution on the piano in Germany, Sigismund Thalberg felt that he had but effected half of the task which he had imposed upon himself. He was as yet comparatively unknown in Western Europe. Paris is the capital which sets its seal upon the artistic reputation of the world before it can be generally received. It was, therefore, at the close of 1835 that he decided upon visiting Paris. Franz Liszt had already established his French reputation, which has continued unabated to the present day. Other great pianists were then to be found in Paris. The reputation of Thalberg had already preceded him, yet he could not feel that he was playing a game upon which the future of his artistic life depended. If he should fail—however, there was no such word as this to be found in his mental vocabulary. He knew that he must succeed. So it proved. He played for the first time before a Parisian public, and was immediately accepted by it. The *feuilletonistes*, who always follow the public lead, at once recognized his claim upon their estimation. His life was written and widely circulated. Every possible and impossible anecdote was fathered upon and attributed to him. Comparatively unknown before his first concert, on the day following it he was a regularly-received and accredited musical marvel, and the founder of a school. Since that period, no subsequent reputation has shaken him from his position. Concert after concert was given by him during that first visit to Paris, and they were invariably crowded by the Parisian *monde musical*. His name itself characterized a musical enthusiasm. Loveliness sought for the opportunity of touching the tips of his fingers, and distinction, whether in class, or in literature, or in art, felt itself honored in being recognized by him. In the centre of the artistic world, he had been confirmed in his undoubted rank as an artist. Every portion of that world was, henceforth, opened to him. One anecdote, which we have heard as occurring to him while passing his second season in England, is so characteristic that we cannot refrain from repeating it here. "Se non e vero," it is at least "*bene trovato*." He had taken up his residence in the suburb of Brompton, where green trees begin to mix with the brick and mortar of the great city, and was in the habit of daily passing a row of small brick buildings on his way into the city. In one of these lived a musical enthusiast—a German—who was blind. Apparently his blindness was not a normal infirmity, as he was able to play on the piano, and this well. Thalberg had often noticed him through the open window, and one evening spoke to him. The accents of his native tongue unlocked the enthusiast's heart. He talked of music, and Thalberg listened to him. At last he hinted that music was pursued by him professionally, and no sooner had the confession escaped from him than he was urged to enter and play something new. Novelty was as a sealed door to the blindness of his poverty. Thalberg complied with this request. He entered and sat down to the piano. It was, of course, a miserable instrument, but when genius has none other it can make even such speak, and so did Sigismund Thalberg now. What it was that he played we know not, but the enthusiast was lost in delight. He drank in the notes from his marvellous handling of those dull and worn-out keys; tears from his sightless eyes ran down his cheeks, his bosom heaved with uncontrollable emotion, and when the unknown *Maestro* had concluded and rose to leave the piano, he threw his arms around him. "*Lasse mich*," he exclaimed, "*Du bist Thalberg oder du bist dert Teufel*." It may be supposed that Thalberg announced his name in order that he might decline the appropriation of the latter half of this strange compliment. After his first season's residence in England, Thalberg became one of the musical necessities of London and Paris. He has continued to be such for the last twenty years. No new "lion" has been able to remove him from his place. During this period he has also repeatedly visited every portion of Europe. In St. Petersburg he was one of its great successes. He has visited Brazil, and carried with him from that country a golden harvest, (true Art is always worthily paid in South America,) yet, in visiting it, he sought rather reputation than gold, he being possessor of an immense fortune. He visits the United States with the same feelings. A boundless renown only can satisfy the true artist. The thirst for glory is insatiable. Those who have once tasted it must toil and labor on. The cup is never emptied. It is full and running over for ever and ever.

Having devoted unusual space to the interesting reminiscences of Thalberg, now decidedly the musical lion of the city, we feel that we would still leave our sketch imperfect if we did not quote the following criticism from "*Allegro*," a musical correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*: Thalberg, the king of pianists, and the father of all that is good, solid, and substantial in piano-playing, gave his first concert. I have not the assurance to criticize Mr. Thalberg. His works give the best idea of the man, and they have for thirty years kept pace with the improvements of his instrument, and developed every effect of which it is capable. His playing, like his pieces, shows a perfectly balanced mind. Everything is measured by the strictest rules of art which his interpretation makes the nearest approach to nature. Nothing is labored, and you are impressed that it is all put exactly as it should be, and it would be impossible to take out or put in a single note, or alter its position or effects, without marring the whole structure. His manner is quiet and dignified, without the least striving for effect; and the almost impossibilities of piano-playing which he gets over seem so simple and natural that you think it would be the easiest thing to sit down to the piano and do it all over again yourself, it is so natural and truthful. A passage for the left hand in his "*Sonnambula*," gives the idea of the tramp of an army of men with a simultaneous tread, so distinct and impressive was it. He does not tire your enthusiasm or excite to violent applause, but he satisfies you, and you go away feeling that you have had a good moral and intellectual lesson—a foundation on which you can build your own superstructure, probably not such a solid, time-enduring one as Thalberg's, but one that will surely support all that any genius, however great, may construct. I do not think his success will be of the same brilliant character with Gottschalk's, but he will leave behind him an enduring impression, which, with his many works, will widen and strengthen daily, and form the corner-stone of the art of piano-playing. Gottschalk is busy night and day with his classes, after the plan of the Conservatoire, and I suppose he is the most diligent worker in the city. He is accumulating a fortune in this way, having more applicants than he can take at \$5 a lesson. Fame, and the ambition of leaving a name behind him, seem to be lost in the passion which has seized him for money making, and he scarce takes the necessary time for refreshment and sleep. During the whole time since his return to America he has published but two works—the "*Last Hope*" and the "*March du Nait*,"—and notwithstanding the success of these works, the sale of which has been enormous, and the constant solicitations from his publishers and every friend, and also his own promises to write out some of the exquisite gems which have created such enthusiasm at his concerts, he appears sunk down to a perfect state of apathy and indifference as to his future position as an artist, and a benefactor to the world, by leaving it a record of the talents which God has given him. If he for a moment thinks that the high position his talent accords him can be sustained by occasionally playing his pieces at a concert, he is vastly mistaken. To be appreciated he must be studied at home, and not alone by those who are fortunate enough to hear him, but by the millions who will never know him except through his works.



1. DISTAFF.—2. ROMAN FARTHING.—3. STONE MONEY WEIGHTS.—4. HAND MILL.—5. EASTERN WINE AND WATER BOTTLES.

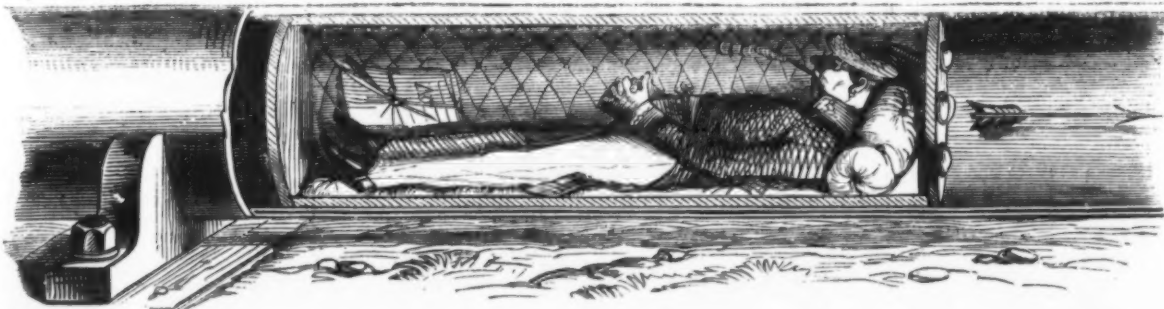
CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

FROM THE SCRIPTURE MUSEUM, BLOOMSBURY, ENGLAND.

THE group of curiosities given in our engraving are interesting, from the fact that they are of Scripture interest, and cannot be viewed except with intense curiosity. We read in Matthew, Chap. xv., 29: "And are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?" In our engraving is to be seen the identical Roman coin in use in the East when our Saviour made the above remark. Sir Walter Scott, in the "Antiquary," describes the mother of the fisherman, who is introduced into that tale, as sitting twirling the distaff on the floor, surrounded by the little children. Many are yet living in rural parts of this country who can remember having seen this primitive method of spinning in use. In Queen Elizabeth's days the dames and maidens of England wiled away many an hour with the distaff, and provided goodly stores of thread, which in due time were handed to the weaver, and made into the various articles required for domestic use. In course of time, the distaff gave place to the spinning-wheel, and then, as if by magic, the application of steam-moved machinery superseded the spinning-wheel, and that so completely, that the wheel at which the grandmothers of the present generation wrought is almost as rarely to be met with amongst us as the distaff, which had continued to be in use during part of the ancient British, the Saxon, Norman and Middle Age periods of England. Amid the whirl, buzz and distraction of that wondrous scene, a Manchester spinning factory, it is curious to think of the change which a few years have brought forth. The distaff was the instrument which wrought the materials for the robes of the Egyptian kings, and for the "little coat" which Hannah made for Samuel; by it, too, were wrought the cloths and other fabrics used in Solomon's temple. Representations of weavers' looms, of a very simple construction, may be met with amongst the Egyptian, Assyrian and Nineveh sculptures. At the present time, in such parts of the territories of those people as are still inhabited, the old-fashioned distaff and various shuttles are in use unchanged. In the neighborhood of Damascus and other parts of the Holy Land, boys and young girls may be seen working with the distaff in precisely the same manner as they did three or four thousand years ago. It will be seen, by reference to the engraving, that nothing can be more simple than this instrument, which is a sort of wooden skewer, round which the flax is wrapped; it is then spun on the ground in the same manner as a boy's top, and the thread wrought off, and wound upon the reel shown in the foreground of the engraving. "Querns," or stone hand-mills, of various sizes, similar to that shown in the engraving, have been repeatedly found in connection with Roman, Saxon and other ancient remains in this country. They are still to be met with in constant use over the greater part of India, in Africa, and also those districts of the East which are more particularly associated with Holy Writ. It may be worth while to mention that this description of mill is an improvement upon the method of simply crushing the corn laid on a flat stone with another held in the hand. The "Quern," or hand-mill, is a hard stone, roughly rounded, and partly hollowed, into which another stone, which has a handle, is loosely fitted. The corn required to be ground is placed in the hollow receptacle, and the inner stone is moved rapidly round, and in course of time, by immense labor, the wheat, &c., is ground into flour. In some instances, the mills are wrought by two handles, and the stone is turned rapidly round by a person on each side. The Scripture prophecies mention that of two women grinding at the mill, one shall be left and the other taken; which passage will be more clearly understood when we know how the mills were constructed used by the women referred to in the prophecy. It is remarkable, as showing how primitive people are the same everywhere, that our original inhabitants used mills of precisely the same construction with those given in our illustration—perhaps a little less finished, but of precisely the same principle, and in the same way.

DIARY OF ADMIRING OFFICE-SEEKER.

A PRESIDENT elect, with a hundred thousand offices in his gift, is a gentleman crowned with every good quality; but a President de facto, with the offices distributed, suddenly loses his attractiveness in the eyes of neglected aspirants, who begin for the first time to discover that the knot of the Presidential white neckcloth will twist around ominously under his left ear—that there is something peculiarly sinister in the cast of his eyes of which they were previously unconscious, and that the political idol, whose praises they have chanted and whose battles they have fought, is so very ill put together as to be easily shivered into fragments under the blows of inimical iconoclasts. But the diary of an admiring office-seeker, in the first flush of ambitious expectation, presents a very different picture to what is subsequently drawn by the same person when he finds his claims upon the government are not likely to be recognized. Let us open a leaf or two:



ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY TRAVELLING, FIRST CLASS PASSENGER.

Started from Bungtown—credentials all in due form—strongest possible recommendations from B., and G., and D. Very confident as to a good place—puzzled what to ask for, though. Strike for a Collectorship, but will take a first-class Consulate rather than miss.

WHEATLAND—MONDAY.

Presented by Forney. Extraordinary improvement in Mr. Buchanan since we met last—thought him then cold and selfish, facile and unreliable—find him very courteous, benevolent, bland, and of sterling integrity—mutually pleased with each other—shall ask for a Collectorship.

WHEATLAND—TUESDAY.

Am more and more struck with the majestic simplicity of the President elect. Talked about the Ostend Manifesto—all a mistake—Administration deceived him; never expected it would see the light; moreover, was mesmerized by Soule, and signed it under the influence of his will.

Mem.: An interesting fact to Psychologists—must write the daily papers all about it.

WHEATLAND—WEDNESDAY.

Great crowd here. Couldn't edge in a word for a long time, so stood off and watched the countenance of the President elect—much more struck with its remarkable beauty. Even the trifling ocular defect, singularly enough, is no blemish, but adds marvellously to the expression. Neckcloth a spotless white—the type of innocence. Rather like it than not, especially on him. Conversation shifts from politics to religion—his Excellency much animated—speaks warmly of Presbyterians.

Mem.: Mr. B. a Presbyterian; must write that to the newspapers.

Conversation continued. Anecdote of Mr. B.'s visit to Bedford Springs; met a Methodist Protestant clergyman there—like him exceedingly. Thinks the Methodist Protestant creed undeniably excellent.

Mem.: Mr. B. a Presbyterian Methodist Protestant. Conversation continued. Refers to his visit to Philadelphia; invited to occupy a seat in the Episcopal Convention; went; didn't like Washington Hunt's remarks. Thinks, on the whole, Episcopalianism admirable; knows nothing of its marriage service, but would like to be a good Episcopalian nevertheless.

Mem.: Mr. B. a Presbyterian Methodist Protestant Episcopalian. P.S. Am doubtful whether to enlighten the daily papers on these points or not.

After dinner, spoke of the Archbishop Hughes; knows him well; rather likes him; thinks him a good friend of his. Catholicism very grand and picturesque, and awe-inspiring. Cannot say he believes in all the dogmas of that Church, but does believe in that article of faith which teaches that one substance can be converted into another. Has experienced the truth of that fact in his own person. Witness his conversion into the Cincinnati Platform.

Mem.: On consideration, have decided to say nothing about this in the newspapers.

WHEATLAND—THURSDAY.

Had a private interview with Mr. B. Asked for a Collectorship; application a lecture to late. Asked a Consulsip; would do everything in his power; was ardently desirous of gratifying his Bungtown friends, and would take their recommendation into profound consideration; but the leaves and fishes, numerous as they were, would not begin to feed such a multitude of hungry clamorists, and, therefore, somebody must be disappointed. He trusted that it would not be the friend of his Bungtown friends, but he seriously advised that friend to return forthwith to Bungtown, and wait with philosophic patience until a distribution took place.

BUNG TOWN, April 1st, 1857.

Have waited. Have not got the Collectorship. Have not got the Consulsip. Put in for Postmaster of Bungtown. Didn't get that. Didn't get anything. Yes! promises! Can't live on them.

Old Buck is a great humbug. Never had much sense. Always thought so. He squints, is very necked, wears a dirty white neckcloth; is by no means pleasant in his manners; is a formalist; is insincere; will make a wretched President. Wonder how people came to vote for him. Got no support from Bungtown, that's certain.—Baltimore Patriot.

THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A fashionable boot-maker who was not "from Paris."

A gentleman who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies' bonnet linings.

A business man, how great soever his hurry, who would not stop to watch feminine ankles climb in and out of omnibuses.

A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet; or put on her cloak or shawl without crushing her bonnet or hair; or be good-natured when he was sick or had cut his chin when shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out first in front of the looking-glass.

An author who did not feel nervous at the idea of examining trunk linings and parcel wrappers.

A handsome child who did not grow up to be homely.

A woman who was not at heart inimical to her own sex.

A married man who could give the right hand of fellowship to a wife's old lover; or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company.

A milliner who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head.

A husband's relatives who could speak well of his wife.

A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.

A school teacher whose interest in his pupil was not graduated by the standing of their parents or the length of their purse.

A washerwoman who ever lost an article of clothing.

An old maid who was not so from choice.

OLDEST NEGRO YET.—We have at last got hold of a particularly old negro. There have been countless cases of tolerably advanced blacks, but the case below, which we copy from an exchange, is said to be perfectly authentic, and finishes the list. She ought to be shown around: Sometime ago I sent you an account of an old negro man, who died in Charleston at the advanced age of 113 years. Since then I have seen a statement of a negro woman, who died in Fauquier County, Va., aged 140. A friend, who was formerly an officer in the United States army, relates that when he was stationed at Pass Christian, in Louisiana, he was in the habit, with his brother officers, of visiting an aged negress who sold buttermilk. On one occasion the following conversation took place: "Old woman, how old are you?" "I dunno, Massa." "How long have you lived about here?" "O, long time, long time, massa." She then went on to relate circumstances in connection with the history of the country, which proved that she must have arrived at a very advanced age. "Well, can't you refer to any circumstance by which you may come at your age?" "Well, massa, I've had nineteen children, and that gal, (pointing to an old woman,) is the youngest; and I know she's ninety."



CHINESE CIGAR SELLER, NEW YORK STREETS.

THE CHINESE OF OUR CITY.

OUR readers are familiar with the history of the poor Chinese who some years since came to this country under an engagement as a theatrical company. Their performances, though peculiar, for some reason did not attract the attention of the public, when the manager who had them in charge, suddenly abandoned his "celestial" dupes, and they were left to starve or live as best they might, in these happy democratic States. What has become of all these poor children of the "sunny land," is wrapped up in the mystery of the past; a few remain about our streets as evidences of an inferior race, earning a precarious living, yet withal, apparently better off than they could be in their native land. Near the railings of the "old brick church," facing the City Hall Park, throughout the summer months was to be seen the subject of our sketch. He peddled a few miserable segars, yet by his politeness and attention to his customers seemed to be quite a favorite among the street walkers of the vicinity, more particularly the news boys, whose principal headquarters are in the neighborhood. These Chinese, and we meet in our perambulations several, retain their national peculiarity of a "long-tail," this appendage seeming to be the last reminiscence they part with, on their way to Christian dissipation and depravity. As they become affected by example, they gradually alter their dress to suit prevailing costumes, yet retain enough of their national costume to be unmistakably Chinamen. The "pig-tail" is still cultivated, but it gradually loses caste as an ornament, for in time it is finally twisted round the head, and at last disappears under the dilapidated skull cap. We have a great deal of sympathy for these poor Chinese; they seem to be a good-natured, harmless set of people, and can live where even the ingenuity of a French cook would cease to find food. In summer they do pretty well, but our cold winters freeze them up, and they resemble, moving about in the cold sunshine of our clearest days, frost bitten apples, their very thawing denoting decay. Upon our city face the Chinese are a necessary pimple, and if we should lose them, a portion of our picturesque beauty would be gone.

THE LATE GALE ON LAKE ERIE.—The Cleveland Herald of the 10th says: "The terrible force of the gale which wrecked so many vessels at Grand River, C. W., may be imagined when we know that the water rose there ten feet above the ordinary level, and vessels were thrown so far upon the beach that one can now walk entirely around them dry shod. The schooner Mussey, owned by C. Dickinson of this city, was so thrown up, and will have to be re-launched in a different course from that which she took when going on, as, in addition to being entirely out of water, she is many rods from water over two or three feet deep. Yet with 500 barrels of salt in her, she was forced by the tremendous gale, without injury, through these many rods of what is now shoal water and dry sand. She was at anchor near Long Point, all snug and easy, when a vessel scudding before the gale came bearing down on her, forcing her to slip her cables to avoid being sunk, and to run for her own safety. She made for the mouth of Grand River, several miles away, and was in a fair way of getting in, when another vessel, driven by the same mad force, shot across her bows, and thus again cut her off; no chance for safety was left, and she went upon the sand. Thirteen or fourteen vessels bear her company in her elevated position. This is but a trifling incident, however, of the dangers run and incurred in that gale. Many a gallant man was lost, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property was destroyed, and nearly as much injured. One propeller, it is supposed, went down with all on board. One was seen below Long Point, in great peril during the gale, and several pieces of the cabin and other portions have been seen floating since. Those who read our 'Marine Intelligence' every day cannot but be astonished at the immense loss of life and property this season. The dangers of the Lakes surpass those of the Ocean."

SPEEDY TRIAL, CONVICTION AND SENTENCE OF A DANGEROUS MAN.—James Donnelly was arraigned on Tuesday, charged with committing a rape on Catherine Callahan. In less than three hours he was tried, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Clinton prison. Immediately upon Judge Gould closing the sentence of the court, Donnelly, in a laughing way, and in a boisterous tone of voice, said, "I'd like to take a drink on that;" to which Judge Gould replied, "that it further demonstrates the justice of the verdict of the jury, and that he only regretted that he had sentenced him, for he would now like to send him for life." His conduct in the jail after the sentence, was even worse than in the court-room. The moment he entered the cell, he grasped the handle of his bunk and threw its contents over the

jailer and the two officers

who brought him from the

court-room.—Albany Journal,

3d.

STEAM ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—The "dummy" engine on the Hudson River Road, which drags the cars to and from the Thirty-sixth street depot, has been worked now some six weeks. The officers of the road say it works admirably, at a saving of just one-half the expense of horses, beside being much safer. During the last four weeks it has dragged 200 full freight cars to the depot.

A PREMIUM COMFORTER.—At a fair down East a reporter gives the following in the list of premiums: "Best bed comforter—Miss Susan Thompson."



INDIANS FISHING ON THE LAKE.—A SCENE FROM "THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS."

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS;

OR,
THE BELLES OF THE BAY.
A LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

(Commenced in No. 46.)

CHAPTER XX.

There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none define—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense—
Which link the burning chain that binds,
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.—BYRON.

THE unexpected visit of the cutter to the lake was the first occurrence which had taken place, since his residence on the island, to cause Lawton the slightest uneasiness, or rouse him for a moment from the sense of security into which he had fallen by the uninterrupted success of his illegal pursuits. Even before that event, as already remarked, the love and devotion of his dutiful and high-minded wife, and her affectionate and sensible appeals to his better feelings—uncounteracted by the temptations and allurements of his former habits—had exerted an influence over him which, in other circumstances, she never could have acquired; so common is it for men to disregard and despise those most precious gifts from heaven to man, the chaste and pure love of a wife, and the joys of domestic bliss, in the pursuit of pleasures equally degrading and worthless.

If, then, in deference to her feelings and wishes, rather than his own convictions, Lawton had wished that the term of his engagement with Lafitte expired—even before the results of that engagement threatened any trouble—of course now that he knew that, not only was suspicion excited, but that an active search had been instituted which, though so far baffled and eluded, would, no doubt, be again rigorously prosecuted—he doubly desired it. He therefore, in a long communication to Lafitte, which he transmitted to him by the captain of the schooner, referred to the visit of the cutter, her search for the depot and the smuggler, her disappointment, and the inevitable certainty that a watch would be hereafter kept upon their movements which would either result in the discovery of the whole scheme, and make the farther prosecution of it entirely impracticable, or so difficult and hazardous as not to repay the trouble and danger.

He alluded to his family, reminding Lafitte that his daughters were now grown up, and that a discovery of his participation in the smuggling operations might lead to a revival of the prosecution which he had already so narrowly escaped or evaded, and plunge them anew into difficulties and distress, without a protector. He concluded by an urgent appeal to him to abandon the enterprise altogether, or at least to release him from any farther participation in it; adding, that he would much rather resign all the profits which he had already received, than run the risk of subjecting his family to farther pain and suffering. In this he was perfectly sincere, money having never had any other value in his eyes than as a means of pursuing his pleasures and of indulging his naturally generous disposition. His seclusion on the island had so altered and simplified his tastes that he felt the remainder of his wife's fortune, which they had brought with them, would amply suffice to gratify every want.

In a few days after the departure of the Lynx, he received an answer from Lafitte by a small vessel, sent for the especial purpose, and which immediately returned. In this reply the chief remarked that he had considered his request with every wish and desire to comply with it, and that he too had become weary of his unsettled and exciting life, and began to long for retirement and repose. To effect these objects, he had already made arrangements for breaking up his establishment at Galveston and returning to France, his native country; but to carry these designs into execution, and to satisfy his numerous followers and dependants in the division of the general fund, was a task of considerable labor and difficulty, though it was in progress of being completed. One of his cruizers was now absent on the slave coast, and the proceeds of her captures were to be devoted to completing his arrangements, and he should therefore make one, and only one, more shipment to the lake—as he could do so without any risk of again meeting the cutter, which would be detained at least a month in Mobile for farther orders. He concluded by saying that he would at once have complied with Lawton's request, had not his arrangements been already made, involving the proceeds of this last cargo in the amount to be distributed to his men.

Although Lawton would have much preferred to be rid at once of his now galling engagements, and would willingly have resigned his ill-gotten gains, to be freed from any fear of the results of his illegal transactions, yet still he felt a heavy load taken from his mind by the short and definite period agreed upon by Lafitte for his release from them. He was well aware of the almost unlimited range of his information upon matters connected with his pursuits, as he had agents and spies in every place where it could be obtained and useful to him; and he therefore felt no fear but that this, the last contraband transaction in which he should ever engage, would terminate as successfully as the others had done, and leave him once more a free and untrammelled man. Joyfully, then, he handed the letter of Lafitte to his wife, and joyfully did she peruse it, as the release of her husband from an unlawful and degrading connection, and as the first step towards an object ever present to her mind, and the theme of many a fervent and pious aspiration.

To Lawton the future now looked bright and unclouded; and, in the dis-

lution of his illegal ties and the moral and quiet life he intended henceforward to lead, he hoped and believed that he had not only secured a fair prospect of happiness for the future, but purchased also indemnity for the past. Vain hope! presumptuous belief! The appearance of the cutter in the lake was only the precursor of the storm, the first faint spot in the horizon of the cloud which was gathering over him, and which was soon to burst into a tempest; again involving him in ignominy, again subjecting him to the penalties which, sooner or later, in one shape or another, are entailed upon every dereliction from honor and integrity, and again including his wife and innocent daughters, now of an age fully to understand and appreciate it, in the disgrace, which so unjustly, though so unfailingly, attaches itself in the eyes of the world to the families of those detected in crime.

Happily, however, for their present peace, they, as well as himself, were totally unconscious of any threatening or impending danger; and the calm current of their lives flowed on apparently as peacefully as ever. But in the breast of each of those fair beings, mother and daughters, new thoughts and new feelings had lately been awakened, causing various sensations of pleasure, anxiety and hope, and others which may be felt but not defined. Mrs. Lawton had, of course, been apprised of Winston's proposal for the hand of their youngest daughter by her husband—a circumstance, which, though not unexpected, (for with a mother's jealous and watchful eye she had marked the impression which Rosa had made upon the young commander,) had not at first caused her any uneasiness, for she had not observed their parting, and fancied that Rosa was entirely unconscious of the admiration she had excited. But when, afterwards, she noticed that she frequently fell into fits of dreamy abstraction, which she had never done before, and that, in being awakened from them, a deep and conscious blush mantled her cheeks, these unmistakable evidences of a preoccupied mind revealed the truth, and occasioned a deep anxiety for the happiness of her beloved daughter.

When she had at first observed Henry Grayson's growing admiration for Kate, the remarks of her husband occurred to her mind, and lulled or removed every uneasy feeling that she might otherwise have experienced; but in this case the position of things was entirely different; for her husband could not explain the position in which he stood without also revealing the connection which he still kept up with Lafitte, and which Winston, as an officer of the Government, was bound instantly to notice and report. At length, however, the letter of Lafitte, assigning so short a period for the continuance of that connection, suggested the only course left them, consistent with the resolution herself and husband had taken regarding their daughters, already mentioned. This was to require Winston to do what he had already intimated he would do if necessary, resign his commission, and then make him acquainted with the whole affair; and having thus determined, her mind was somewhat relieved, though still many anxious thoughts and fears agitated her. Conscious, however, in the rectitude of her intentions, she awaited the result in a firm reliance on the protection and guidance of that Beneficent Being at whose shrine her daily prayers were offered up for her husband and her young, lovely and inexperienced daughters.

To describe the new train of feelings, thoughts and sensations, which had been awakened in the minds and hearts of the two sisters in the last month of their existence, is a much more difficult task. To paint in soft yet glowing colors, the first dawning consciousness of a novel, bewildering and most delightful sentiment, a sentiment which has been termed the connecting link between men and angels, pure and virtuous love—or to depict in appropriate words and terms the still more delightful consciousness in the same heart of having inspired a responsive sentiment in a congenial soul, requires a more poetical and gifted pen than mine.



THE YOUNG CHIEF OF THE ATTAKAPAS.

In Henry Grayson Kate had found so many assimilating traits of character and disposition, such warm and generous feelings, such polished and easy manners, so cultivated and enlightened a mind, so frank and unaffected a deportment, and last, though not least, so handsome a figure and face, that, before the termination of his visit, in return for his open and undisguised admiration, she could not but silently acknowledge, in those secret communings which we all hold with our hearts, that she might in time learn to regard him so favorably as to be willing to surrender into his keeping her happiness and liberty; though this rich boon should, she determined, be the reward only of long and undeviating devotion. But when a young lady acknowledges so much even to her own heart, the result may be easily predicted; and Henry had unconsciously acquired a deeper place in her regard than by all the desirable qualities enumerated by the respectful admiration he evinced for her mother, on whom both herself and Rosa doated with the warmest filial love.

To Kate the visit of the officers of the Lynx had been but an agreeable incident in their secluded life. Her penetration soon enabled her to perceive Winston's superiority to his companion both in mind and education, and, as soon, the decided preference which he evinced for the society of Rosa; and, even had the image of Henry been absent from her mind, she was of too generous and high-minded a nature to have felt anything like jealousy or pique that the most intellectual of their visitors should have selected her sister instead of herself as the object of his particular attentions. As it was, she amused herself with Barnes, and determined in her own mind to make his visits the opportunity of a little coquetry towards Henry, when she saw him again, which she was pretty well convinced she would do ere many weeks or even days had flown by.

At each succeeding visit of Winston she observed his increasing admiration of her sister, and, contrary to what might have been expected, she forbore any railleury towards her regarding it, for with the intuitive perception of character which she possessed, she saw he was worthy of her, and wished him success, and would, therefore, do nothing which might mar it, but silently observe the result, in which she felt no small curiosity and interest. Visit after visit passed away without any change being effected in the calm and unconscious manner of Rosa, and Kate began in her heart to accuse her of insensibility, and that Winston's chance of making the impression upon her he so evidently wished was but slight indeed. Still she kept her eye upon them to the very last, and more watchfully than usual in the parting visit.

As Winston took the hand of his beloved, as he had previously done those of her mother and sister, Kate observed that she looked him full in the face with that open, regretful expression in her lovely countenance, natural on parting with an esteemed friend. Suddenly, to her unbounded astonishment, the change before described came over that before unconscious face, which became crimsoned with blushes, and those dove-like eyes, before so innocently gazing in her lover's face, were lowered and veiled by their silken lashes, nor raised again except to steal a furtive glance at his retreating form, as it disappeared through the door, when she sank with an unconscious sigh upon the seat, from which she had arisen to receive his adieu.

In those blushes, in that lingering parting glance, and in that softly drawn sigh, Kate had plainly read her gentle sister's newly-discovered secret; though she was totally at a loss to account for her previous insensibility and unconsciousness; for she well knew that insensible and unconscious she really had been, and with her that

Every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast,

and that not even

One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride had been concealed,

and entirely ignorant of the talismanic effect of the parting clasp of her lover's hand, so sudden an appreciation and return of his affection seemed even stranger to her than it may to the reader, who has at least that explanation of it.

That Rosa Lawton had never thought of love or lovers, before her sudden perception of the meaning of both, I neither pretend to say or ask the reader to believe, as no female educated, or uneducated, ever arrived at her age without some such ideas, and education would suggest them if nature did not. Few novels were admitted in Mrs. Lawton's selection of books for her daughters' perusal, but there was still a few; and where is the novel whose theme or plot does not partake of love?

Entirely overpowered by the sudden and delightful emotions which had taken possession of her soul, Rosa, on the departure of her lover, had sunk upon a seat as he left the room, and with her eyes fixed upon the door which had shut him from her sight, remained for a few moments in perfect unconsciousness of all that was passing round her. For the first time in her life she felt a relief in retiring from the presence of her beloved parents to her own room with her sister; for the first time she found the conversation of that beloved sister uninteresting and wearisome, and for the first time another image filled the place of those dear relations in her thoughts and dreams. Hitherto their presence had been prominently sketched in every fancy-drawn picture of the future as well, as indelibly imprinted on every recollection of the past; but now other and softer visions arose in her mind, in which only one other form besides her own appeared in the foreground—visions indefinite and vague even in imagination, but still bright and joyous, and innocent and pure as the chaste passion which had inspired them.

Intense and overpowering as was this passion, which each succeeding day seemed only to strengthen and increase, no trace of it would most probably have been noticed by an indifferent observer. Secure in the consciousness of being beloved, that sweet conviction threw a halo round her existence, investing even the bright days of youth with a more charming and joyous appearance. Her usual avocations and accustomed amusements were neither forgotten nor neglected. Her books, music, needle work and pets, each and all, received their allotted portion of her time. But Kate noticed that the books which she read, and the music which she practised, were those which Winston had most highly commended, or which he had seemed most particularly to admire. Her mother, too, as already observed, noticed those unwonted fits of abstraction, by which she had so truly divined the state of her daughter's feelings, who in them was recalling the every word, tone and look of her lover, and wondering at her own blindness in not sooner perceiving the devotion, which she could now remember as having been so eloquently expressed by them.

CHAPTER XXI.

Also for them! their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting-grounds;
The pale man's axe rings thro' their woods,
The pale man's sail skins o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children look by power oppress'd,
Beyond the mountains of the West
Their children go—to die!—Savage.

MENTION has been made in a previous chapter of the young Indian, who accompanied the hunting party in their deer-drive in the forest at the head of the lake. He belonged to the scanty remnant of a once numerous and powerful tribe, who, years before, had inhabited the banks of the lake, its islands and the country adjacent, and whose hunting grounds had extended hundreds of miles in every direction, without being intruded upon by other tribes. Numerous mounds still exist in the vicinity of the lake and on the prairies near it, in which are found not only human bones, but various articles which had once belonged to and been used by the beings of which those mouldering bones were the remains. These articles consist of weapons used in war or in the chase, implements of various kinds and domestic utensils, all of which exhibit in form, material and manufacture, a perfection seldom met with among the other Indians of North America. Protracted and bloody wars between the tribe, the "Attakapas," as they were called, and the neighboring Indians of Texas, had considerably reduced their numbers, even before the settlement of the country by the whites; and this event brought to the remainder its inevitable concomitant—the introduction of that fell destroyer of the red man, under whose insidious attacks the fierce and haughty warriors fell, much faster and far less nobly than under the arrows and tomahawks of their open and hereditary enemies, the Camanches and Lipans.

At length the survivors of the tribe, reduced to some sixty or eighty warriors and their women and children, were induced by the reproaches and entreaties of their aged chief, who had himself manfully and successfully resisted the fatal influence of the banes of his race, to remove to a situation so distant from the settlement of the whites as to prevent, in his opinion, any possibility of a continuance of the accursed traffic, which was silently and certainly exterminating his race. The location which he selected was high up on the river which emptied into the lake, in a neighborhood abounding in game of every kind, and fertile spots for the cultivation of corn and vegetables. Here the old chief fondly hoped that, deprived of the facility of obtaining the coveted and deadly poison, the miserable remnant would lead a peaceful and contented life, which, although strip of their former renown, would nevertheless be free from the degradation consequent upon the intercourse with the whites.

This patriotic hope, however, was not destined to be realized, for the inextinguishable thirst for the fatal fire-water, so unappeasable in the savage breast, had been excited in his young men and few remaining warriors, and neither the distance which separated them from the place where it could be obtained, or the remonstrances of their chief, could prevent them from gratifying it. Straggling off in parties of two or three, accompanied by their patient and enduring squaws, they would, time after time, visit their old homes, and by the produce of their hunting and the ingenious labor of their women in the manufacture of baskets, ornamented mocassins and other trifles, obtain the means of indulging their depraved and unchangeable appetites, the gratification of which caused, of course, its inevitable result of still farther lessening their numbers, until not a third of those who had left the lake, remained in their new home.

The old chief at last died despairing at the degeneration of his tribe, leaving a daughter, the sole representative of his race and of a long line of chiefs. It had been the custom of the tribe after its removal, annually to visit the lake for the purpose of taking and drying fish, which formed a chief article of their subsistence—the men bestirring their diminutive but hardy and enduring ponies, and the women and children descending the river in their bark canoes or perogues, hewn from the trunk of the enormous cypress or cottonwood of the country. In one of these visits the daughter of the old chief had fallen under the notice of a young Frenchman, a trader in the lake from New Orleans, who, captivated by her beauty and wild grace, had followed her to her distant home and married her according to the customs of her tribe. A son was the fruit of this connection, which was terminated by the heartless desertion by the trader of his forest bride as soon as he became tired of her charms and his wild and solitary life.

At the time of Lawton's removal to the island with his family, the boy, who was called by his mother "Gustave," which had been the name of his father, was about sixteen years old, or a year or two older than Kate. In the first visit of the Indians to the lake after that event, some of the squaws, including his mother, had crossed over to the island in their canoes, attracted by their curiosity to see the building which had sprung up on it since their last visit, and in the hope of disposing of some of their wares to the inhabitants. Gustave accompanied them, and attracted the attention of Lawton by his intelligent countenance, his friendly and open demeanor, and his ready answers in Creole-French to the questions put to him, so different from the shy and reserved manners of Indians to strangers and their almost universal taciturnity.

The acquaintance thus began between the young half-breed and the new comers soon ripened into perfect familiarity and unrestraint. Finding him an adept in all the mysteries of hunting and fishing, and apparently of a mild and unassuming disposition and temper, Lawton took him under his especial protection, and, whilst the tribe remained on the lake shores, made him the companion of all his sporting excursions. Afterwards, on the annual arrivals of the tribe, Gustave spent most of his time upon the island, and, at last, became to be looked upon by its inhabitants more in the light of a faithful and attached occasional dependant, than a vagrant member of a decayed and degraded race. For the last year or more, his visits to the island had not been confined to those of his tribe to the lake, as he not only remained some time after their departure, but frequently returned alone. To Mrs. Lawton he had always been an object of interest, as the last representative of the powerful chieftains of the dispossessed race who once roamed over the country around; for she had heard his history, and often, as he approached the house with some trophy of his success in hunting or fishing, a saddle of venison or a noble turkey from the forests above, or a string of silvery perch or trout glistening and fresh from their native element, she would accost him with words of kindness and encouragement. Her daughters were, of course, frequently with her on these occasions, and Kate's unreserved disposition had often prompted her to interchange a few words with the young savage in relation to his sport.

At first, the only emotions excited in the wild soul of the young chief of the Attakapas (for he still held that nominal rank in his tribe) by this occasional intercourse with beings so far superior to any he had before met with, were those of wondering and respectful admiration; but gradually these were succeeded by others more fierce and impetuous as his own savage nature, and strong and unconquerable as his powers of endurance, though completely concealed under the impenetrable mask of Indian apathy and dissimulation. The lovely countenance and animated manner of Kate in those short interviews, had excited a passion in his heart which, whilst it burnt and raged with all the fury of a concealed volcano, was yet commanded and disguised by his perfect self-control and natural craftiness and deceit. To bring this insane and audacious passion to a successful termination had been the sole study of his existence from the time that it had first been conceived, but, as yet, all his cunning had suggested no possible plan for so doing. Had he possessed the same authority and influence over his reduced tribe as his grandfather had done, he would have assembled his warriors and torn the object of his desires by force from the arms of her parents; but, infatuated as he was, he still knew that such an attempt could not now be made. Still, however, without even a definite hope or probable chance of success in his presumptuous passion, he clung to them with all the desperate tenacity inspired both by their intoxicating character and his own determined nature, and, silently, if not patiently, awaited the opportunity which he could scarcely even anticipate.

At the time of Henry Grayson's first visit to the island, he found the half breed also there, on, as the family supposed, one of his usual solitary visits; but the fact was that, on this occasion, he had been accompanied by one, whom he had made a confidant to a project equally desperate and audacious. Revealing to a young Indian of about his own age and of much staidier habits than his fellows, his passion for the pale-faced maiden of the island, a plan of action was decided upon between them, and they set out together from their forest home and reached the shore of the lake, some distance below the mouth of the river. Here Gustave left his companion in charge of the two ponies on which they had ridden, and which had been selected from the caviar of the tribe for their speed and endurance, and proceeded to the island in his canoe which he kept in the lake, determined, should the slightest opportunity occur, to seize upon Kate, and, stifling her cries, bear her across the lake to the spot where his companion awaited him, and then, with his prize mounted upon his fleet mustang, he would defy pursuit. As bold and apparently hopeless as was such a scheme, he still had at first sanguine hopes of its success.

These hopes were, however, considerably depressed, as he perceived the growing intimacy between Kate and young Grayson. As they died away in his breast, fiercer passions took their place and confirmed him on to the desperate attempt he had before meditated; and could he have done so with impunity, his unconscious rival would have soon been made to feel the fatal effects of the savage jealousy which burned in his dusky breast. Still controlling and subduing his fierce emotions, he remained on the island (occasionally visiting and encouraging his concealed comrade who began to weary of his solitary watch) during the whole period of Harry's visit, observing the movements of himself and Kate, as far as he could do so, with jealous and watchful scrutiny, and at length with a thrill of exultation he saw his rival depart, and his hopes revived. The revenue cutter then arrived in the lake and the visits of her officers commenced. These he had no opportunity of observing, but on their termination and the second arrival of Henry, without any opportunity having occurred for carrying into effect his desperate resolves, he again resumed his jealous and maddening espionage.

Impatiently as Harry Grayson had anticipated the coming of the day fixed upon for setting out on his first visit to the island, when excited only by curiosity and the love of adventure and change, natural to his age, it may well be imagined, particularly by those who at some time in their lives have been animated by the same feelings, how much more eagerly he again looked forward to the time when, with any regard to other motives than his own wishes he might repeat it, agitated and absorbed as he was with the thousand contradictory emotions of hope and dependency, pleasure and uneasiness, excited by the irresistible passion which had now taken possession of his heart. Although he had mingled freely in his hours of recreation with the best society of the North, into which the report of his great expectations and his own agreeable person and manners had introduced him, and had of course made the acquaintance of many young ladies of not only beauty and accomplishments, but evidently also of amiability and intelligence, none of them had made more than a transient impression on his fancy, readily effaced by a succeeding and equally evanescent caprice. Resolutely bent upon achieving the object equally of his uncle's wishes and his own ambition, the attainment of high collegiate honors, the time he had spent in female society had only been the short intervals of relaxation from severe and almost incessant study, and their brief duration and unfrequent occurrence had naturally prevented his falling a victim to passion, so engrossing and exacting in its character as love is generally supposed to be. Immediately after being graduated, he had set out on a tour through the Northern States and the Canadas with his uncle, and immediately afterwards they returned home. Had he been thrown into the society of Kate in any other place or under any other circumstances, she still doubtless would have excited his warm admiration; but when, in addition to her own exceeding natural and acquired charms and daily and unrestrained intercourse, there was added to their acquaintance that air of romance so attractive to the youthful mind, it was not at all surprising that he soon surrendered at discretion, and only awaited a more lengthened acquaintance to make the avowal of his love and his hopes.

Visibly impressed, as well upon his countenance as his actions, of course his feelings had neither escaped the anxious eye of his uncle or the no less observant notice of old Peter. By Mr. Cameron they had only been noticed so free as to express briefly his satisfaction at such a result; but not so with his testy old valet. Triumphant in the correctness of his own predictions, he availed himself fully of the opportunity now presented of avenging himself upon Harry for his incredulity and disrespect by teasing him on all occasions, and insinuating that he knew positively that his hopes had not the most distant chance of success.

"Ha! Maes Hall," he would say, with a most provoking look of intelligence; "I told you so; young folks always thinks old folks is fools, but now I guess they knows a little better."

"What do you mean, you old croaker?" replied Henry, "do you think I never saw any pretty women before, or that I care any more about these, than any other ladies?"

"Oh, yes, sir," rejoined Peter, "I see you think old Pete's blind, but I tell you he can see as far into a fiddler's stack as anybody, and I know you'd give one of your eyes to get Miss Kate; but 'tain't no use, sir—you can't come it, for she don't care a bit more about you than you want to let on you don't about her."

"Well, then," said Henry, "there's no love lost, and I am sure I don't care, and if I did I should not be such a fool as to mind you, for you don't know any more about it than the mule that pitched you into the creek so beautifully the other day."

"I don't, hey!" replied Peter, highly incensed at Henry's allusion to his unfortunate accident, for he piqued himself upon his horsemanship. "I don't, hey! Well, never mind, go 'long, but I ain't blind or deaf nether, and I know what I hear Miss Kate say to Miss Rosa bout you."

Although Harry fully believed that, in this instance, as in many others, Peter was only venting upon him his usual contradictory spirit, he could not help feeling a sensation of uneasiness at the positive manner in which the testy old fellow expressed his conviction of the perfect indifference towards him, of one whose good opinion he had now become so anxious to gain, and had his sense of propriety permitted it, he would have endeavored to further questions to ascertain whether in truth he had really any ground for the opinion which he gave with such seeming exultation. In fact, Peter's triumph was only assumed, and he would have felt much chagrin had he in reality believed what he asserted, for, next to his master, Henry occupied the highest place in his affections, and nothing would have given him more satisfaction than to have seen him united to one of his young mistresses, as he called Kate and Rosa.

A month's separation from his new and charming acquaintance completely exhausted Harry's patience and self-denial, and, indeed, he would undoubtedly have shortened even that brief period of probation, had he rested entirely with himself. At the expiration of that time, however, he again set out for the lake, accompanied as before by Thompson, who had, in the mean time, taken a great fancy to him. Arrived at old "Baptiste's," they heard the news of the visit of the government vessel and her explorations of the lake, intelligence which, whilst it deeply interested and rather alarmed Thompson, also excited no very pleasurable sensations in his young companion's breast, accompanied, as it was, with the recital of the frequent visits of the two handsome young officers to Lawton's family during their stay in the lake.

On reaching the island, Thompson, who, from his good nature and lively disposition, was a general favorite with the family, met with his usual friendly greeting, and Harry, from Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, the same kind welcome accorded him on a former occasion—a welcome now indeed still more warmly and cordially extended through friendship and esteem. Rosa also met him with unrestrained and evident pleasure, and it was only in Kate that he imagined he perceived a coldness of manner, which, coupled with the discouraging opinion of old Peter and the information he had just before received, sent a chill to his heart, now agitated alike by jealousy and uneasiness. A moment or two after their arrival, Lawton himself alluded to the visit of the Lynx, and, anxious to avoid any discussion of the object of her coming, he observed in a laughing manner, that the girls had thus very unexpectedly picked up two very agreeable beaux in her first and second officers, and had Harry's eyes not been intently fixed in another direction, he could not but have observed the betraying and conscious blush which instantly crimsoned the lovely face of Rosa, but, as may be imagined, he was fully occupied in contemplating intently a face to him still fairer and more captivating, upon which also, as his scrutiny was observed, appeared a rosier tinge, which, of course, farther increased his jealous suspicions, and seemed to afford a ready solution of the cause of her apparent coldness. That carnation tint was not, however, solely attributable to the cause suspected by Kate's admirer, or to her own consciousness of the fixed and penetrating look with which he was regarding her, but also to feelings and resolves, which that jealous and apprehensive look had only strengthened and confirmed.

CHAPTER XXII.

There's danger in that dazzling eye
That woe thee with its witching smile,
Another, when thou art not by,
Those beaming looks would fain beguile.—Miss Osceola.

In describing the disposition and character of Kate Lawton, without endeavoring to depict in them even that degree of perfection to which human imperfection is sometimes capable of attaining, and to which standard those of her sister approached much more nearly, it has, nevertheless, been observed, that, by the watchful care of her mother, in eradicating or softening down those traits which threatened unhappiness, they had at length been brought to a development which gave the fairest promise of happiness and satisfaction both to herself and friends. A trait, however, was now about to manifest itself, to which no previous circumstances had directed attention, which, for a short time, tarnished and obscured her many other pleasing and amiable qualities, and seriously threatened her future peace of mind. Happily, however, this too was forever obliterated by an occurrence which for a time

plunged her into the most frightful horror and despair, and her friends into the deepest grief and apprehension.

There must be in some female hearts an inherent and irresistible propensity for coquetry, or how otherwise can they regard, unmoved or exulting, sufferings, which, under any other form, would excite their deepest commiseration and warmest sympathy? Or how triumph in exciting and fomenting a passion which has been the cause of the most horrid crimes? A coquette is usually represented as a perfectly heartless being, and so perhaps most coquettes are; but many others are insensibly and gradually led into this unworthy and degrading folly by a thoughtless vanity and natural giddiness of disposition, which does not allow them seriously to reflect upon the consequences it frequently entails both upon themselves and others.

As before remarked, could young Grayson have witnessed the gay and animated interviews between Kate and the handsome young Lieutenant, his jealous fears would no doubt have been considerably aroused, and he would have viewed with serious uneasiness their growing intimacy. Such ideas had also occurred to her mind; and though she fully appreciated all the amiable qualities and honorable traits of her lover's character, and had also already begun to feel the first responsive throbs of that passion, which she was satisfied she had inspired in him, she could not resist the opportunity so unexpectedly afforded her of testing the strength of his affection, and amusing herself for a time by his jealous ebullitions, before she permitted him to see that his love was not entirely hopeless.

It was in pursuance of this coquettish scheme that she had infused into her reception of him that frigidity of demeanor that he had so sensibly felt; and it was whilst meditating upon the farther prosecution of it that her father had broached the subject of the arrival of the revenue cutter, and the intimacy that had sprung up with the officers. She observed the inquiring and jealous look with which Harry was regarding her, and saw that the poisoned arrow had entered his soul, and it only remained for her to keep it rankling, which she at once unhesitatingly resolved to do, as she resented the reproach that she imagined was reflected in his eye. There was, however, in that earnest regard of her lover something so anxious and appealing, that, had it not been for the unquestionable character which she fancied it also assumed, she probably would have given up her design; but, at even the suspicion of scrutiny of her feelings and actions her proud soul took fire, and she resolved to carry it out.

Without endeavoring to follow her in her endless and various changes in actions and demeanor, for some days after the arrival of Harry, it will be sufficient to say that she succeeded in her scheme to her heart's content, (or rather to the full extent of her expectations, for neither heart or conscience such as her's really was could be content whilst pursuing a course which both so unequivocally condemned.) Poor Harry was alternately exalted to the very pinnacle of happiness and hope, and precipitated to the very depth of disappointment and despair. Love, mortification and rage, by turns, took possession of his breast; and, in the fits of the latter, he would resolve instantly to leave the island and never again come in sight of it; when another change in the deportment of his fair and capricious enslaver would entirely obliterate all his indignation and resentment, and plunge him anew into a delirium of love, happiness and hope.

Through all these trials, his ardent and devoted affection had been so strongly and unequivocally manifested, that Kate at last, ashamed of her conduct, had almost determined to abandon her design and no longer trifle with a love which she began to feel essential to her happiness; but still she delayed putting her good resolutions into effect, until at last the vain and heartless course which her own conscience so strongly reprobated, was suddenly and fearfully brought to a close.

A sailing and fishing excursion to one of the islands in the lake—in which was a cove or bayou famous for its fine bass, or trout, and perch—had been agreed upon; and the day fixed upon having arrived, Kate, her father, Harry and Thompson set out, after an early dinner, upon their pleasure trip; Mrs. Lawton being prevented from accompanying them by a slight indisposition, and Rosa—who, in truth, felt no desire for the amusement, remaining with her mother. Gustave, the young Indian, also went with them as an assistant in the management of the boat—a duty which his previous experience fully fitted him to perform.

A fine breeze filled the sails, and the beautiful little craft shot rapidly over the lake towards its destination. On reaching the island, Kate, under the influence of a caprice or whim, which, perhaps, even to herself she could not have accounted for, expressed her disinclination for fishing, and her determination of remaining in the boat while the rest of the party proceeded to the bayou, a short distance from the spot where the boat had landed. Smiling at what he at the time thought a girlish manoeuvre of his daughter to be left alone with her lover, Lawton replied, "Very well," and, springing ashore, walked off, followed by Thompson, leaving Kate and Harry still in the boat, and the Indian seemingly engaged in securing her to the beach.

Without imputing to his fair companion motives so flattering to himself as her father had done, Harry immediately determined to avail himself of the opportunity so unexpectedly presented to him, to declare verbally those feelings and wishes which his actions and looks had already so unequivocally though silently expressed—a determination which Kate's manner towards him so far on that eventful day had certainly encouraged him to take. He only awaited the departure of Gustave to commence a conversation, on which he felt his happiness dependant, and of which the very thought caused his heart to beat wildly, and his breath to be drawn fast and thick; though, as it turned out, his anxiety was groundless, at least on that occasion. Scarcely had he seated himself by the side of Kate, in the stern of the boat—which position Lawton, as steersman, had before occupied—observing, as he did so, that of course he also would remain where he was, made sensible by the demeanor of his fair companion, that he was again about to experience one of those sudden changes in her mind, which had already driven him to the very verge of desperation.

"Indeed, Mr. Grayson," said she, with kindling cheek and eye, "I do not see why it is a matter of course at all, and I had much rather you would go with Mr. Thompson and papa."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lawton," replied the discomfited Harry, "but I did not suppose you wished to be left alone, and had no idea my company would be disagreeable to you."

"Then," returned the wilful girl, "you must have imagined I remained on purpose to detain you; but indeed there are times when we all prefer to be alone, and I must say that with myself this is one of them. Therefore I hope you will not give up your sport on my account, but join papa and Mr. Thompson. I shall be perfectly safe here, I am sure; and besides, I have no doubt Gustave will remain here to guard me, if you think it necessary."

"As you please, Miss," replied Harry, coloring and indignant; and he, too, sprang on shore and walked quickly off in the direction taken by his companions. Scarcely, however, had he come within sight of them, as they stood fishing in the bayou bank, when a shrill and piercing shriek rang in his ears, and he distinguished the words, "Oh, papa! Mr. Grayson! Save me! save me!" And then all was silent. Turning back, his lately boiling blood now chilled with affright at that fearful cry; he ran swiftly to the beach, followed by Lawton and Thompson, who had also heard the heart-rending scream, and, on reaching it, they all beheld a sight which filled their souls with mingled emotions of surprise and horror, rage and revenge.

(To be continued.)

A MILITARY MATTRESS.—The ex-King Louis of Bavaria, who recently attained his seventieth year, was, a few days ago, waited on at his chateau at Ludwigshöhe, in the Palatinate, by a deputation from Strasburg, at which place he was born, who paid their respects to him on the occasion. The King received them most kindly, promised to visit their city, and related to them a curious circumstance. At the time of his birth, in August, 1786, his father, who was then only Prince des Deux Ponts, commanded the Alsace Regiment in the service of France, which was in the garrison at Strasburg; and a few days after his birth he was astonished to see that all the Grenadiers had cut off their beards and moustaches. On inquiring why they had done so, one of the men stepped forward and said that they had determined to beg his acceptance of a velvet mattress for the newly-born prince, and that they had stuffed it with their beard and moustaches. "I have the mattress still," cried the King, "and I will show it to you." The mattress was produced, and the King added, "I do not think that there is in the world a bed which can be called more strictly military than this."

The Sunderland (Engl.) Times says: About a fortnight ago, a gentleman who formerly went out as an emigrant to Australia, arrived in Sunderland. A few years ago, after a career of successful industry, he had become possessed of a considerable amount of property in South Australia, where, a few years ago, his wife fell ill and died. He then resolved to visit his native land to seek another helpmate. Shortly after his arrival, while walking along North Bridge street, Sunderland, he met a respectable middle-aged widow-lady. He entered into conversation with her, and on meeting a second time, he found that she was lonely and desolate, owing to her only daughter having been married a week previous. The gallant Australian at once offered his hand and heart, which were frankly accepted by the bereaved fair one. They were speedily married by special license, and the happy couple have since embarked for the distant shores of Australia.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.
THE PYNE AND HARRISON OPERA TROUPE
Will open on Monday, Dec. 15th, giving during the season all of their beautiful gems, including the "SKYLARK."
Doors open at Half-past Six o'clock; performance commencing at Seven o'clock.
Admission, Fifty Cents.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS. New Hall, 685 Broadway. Every Evening during the Week, Will perform the Grand Burlesque on the fairy Opera of CINDERELLA.
With New Scenery, Dresses, Transformations, &c. &c.
Proceeding with the NEGRO MINSTRELS.
Commences at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission 25 Cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
254 Broadway, near HOUTON STREET.
This new and beautiful Theatre is now open for the season. An attractive entertainment every night. Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5.
0009

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—Mr. JAMES ANDERSON and Miss AGNES ELSTOW appear at this beautiful Temple of the Dramatic Art, in their unequalled representations, including the New Play of CLOUDS and SUNSHINE.

BOWERY THEATRE. LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
A FINE ENTERTAINMENT ALWAYS.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 25 cents; Boxes, 50 cents; Private Boxes, \$5.
Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.
0009

BROADWAY VARIETIES.
472 Broadway.
THE WOOD AND MARSH JUVENILES
Appear this Week in the "PIANOFORTE SHIP."
With all the supernatural and mysterious effects. Change of Face each Evening.
Admission, Twenty-five Cents.

NEW BOOKS.

A MAGNIFICENT WORK OF ART.—The most superb GIFT BOOK ever Published.
J. S. REDFIELD, 34 Beekman street, New York, has just published **DARLEY'S MARGARET;**
AN ORIGINAL WORK OF AMERICAN ART.
OUTLINE COMPOSITIONS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF AMERICAN CHARACTER, MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, COMPRISING THIRTY SCENES FROM JUDY'S NOVEL OF MARGARET, A TALE OF THE REAL AND IDEAL.
BY FELIX O. C. DARLEY.
AND ENGRAVED IN THE FIRST STYLE OF ART, BY KONRAD HUBER.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.
Plate. Subject. Plate. Subject.
I. Childhood. XV. Camp Meeting in the Woods.
II. Margaret annoyed by her brother. XVI. The Camp Preacher.
III. Margaret and Obed encounter the Master in the Woods. XVII. Brown Moll.
IV. Obed. XVIII. The Contest.
V. The Bee Hunt. XIX. Bethia Weeks.
VI. Obed. XX. The Hunking Bee.
VII. Margaret and Obed encounter the Master in the Woods. XXII. Tony Washington.
VIII. Childhood. XXIII. The Murder.
IX. Childhood played and they were silent. XXIV. Rose.
X. Childhood. XXV. The Arrest.
XI. A glimpse at the world. XXVI. Deacon Ramoth.
XII. Martha Madeline Glaborn. XXVII. Margaret meets with sympathy.
XIII. Nimmrod exhibits his humor. XXVIII. Margaret.
XIV. The Widow Wright. XXIX. The Parting.
XXX. Personation and his Wife.

This Work is printed on beautifully tinted paper, both plates and letter-press, and elegantly bound in unique, ornamental cover, of novel design. Price \$10. In full Turkey morocco, superbly bound, \$20.
The above is altogether the most beautiful Presentation Volume ever issued from the Press in any part of the World.

HOLIDAY JUVENILES.

DICKENS' LITTLE FOLKS.—SECOND SERIES.
A Series of beautiful Juveniles, selected from Dickens' Works in his own language, with illustrations by Darley, 12mo. cloth, 35c.; do., extra gilt, gilt edges, 50 cents.
1. THE BOY JOE AND SAM WELLS, from the "Pickwick Papers."
2. SIBBY JUPE, from "Hard Times."
3. THE TWO DAUGHTERS, from "Martin Chuzzlewit."
4. TINY TIM AND DUT, AND THE FAIRY CRICKET, from the "Christmas Stories."
5. DAME DURDEN, from "Bleak House."
6. DOLLY VARDEN, THE LITTLE COQUETTE, from "Barnaby Rudge."
The six volumes, in a neat case, \$2 25; extra gilt, \$3.
J. S. REDFIELD, 34 Beekman street.
54-55

"The Most Superbly Illustrated Book ever Produced in America."
COST OF FIRST EDITION, OVER THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
THE COURT OF NAPOLEON; OR, SOCIETY UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE. With Sixteen Portraits of its Beauties, Wits, and Heroes.
BY FRANK B. GOODRICH (Dick Tinto.)
Royal Quarto. Turkey Antique, \$12 50.
The universal popularity of every book relating to "Napoleon," is the best indication, we think, of the favorable reception of this one by the Public.
As but a limited number of copies can be furnished, those desiring early copies will please send in their orders at once. They will be filled strictly in the order of time received. They will be forwarded by Express, charges paid, carefully boxed, to any point in the United States on receipt of price.
Address, DERRY & JACKSON, Publishers, 119 Nassau Street, New York.
54-55

Fanny Fern in her Favorite Field!
A GALA BOOK FOR CHILDREN.
WE PUBLISH, TO-DAY,
THE PLAY-DAY BOOK:
NEW STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.
BY FANNY FERN.
256 pp. 12mo. cloth. Price, 75 cents; full gilt, \$1 25.

EVERY one who has read the Writings of this gifted woman—who has not?—must have been impressed with the tenderness and love she ever displays for children. In there a mother in the land who has not felt a thrill of sympathy for the little ones, whose joys and troubles have been the theme of her pen? Is there a heart, however callous, that has not been softened by her touching descriptions of the various fortunes of the world of childhood? Or is there a soul that has not responded to her call for sympathy, for those bright beings that cast a halo of sunshine about the fire-sides of every happy family which numbers them among its members? We feel assured that there are none. Then, how heartily all will welcome a new book, written expressly for these little ones, in whom she takes such especial interest! Children will rejoice in it, and in their joy, parents will find new happiness. As a Christmas or New-Year's present, "The Play-Day Book" will be greeted by thousands of happy children; bright eyes will sparkle over its beautiful illustrations, and eagerly devour its pleasing contents; the laugh and shout will be heard, at many a fire-side, over its genial and innocent humor, and many a family will rejoice in it, and be made glad, as well as happier, we trust, by Fanny Fern's New Gala Book, during the coming holidays.
We have endeavored to issue the Play-Day Book in a style worthy its contents. It contains ten full-page illustrations by Coffin, and is neatly and elegantly bound. Published by MASON BROTHERS, 109 and 110 Duane Street, N. Y.
54-55

THE BEST STORY OF THE SEASON.
LENA RIVERS: A STORY OF YANKEE AND SOUTHERN LIFE. By MARY J. HOLMES, Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "English Orphan's Homestead on The Hill Side," etc. 416 pages. Price \$1.
Few, if any American Novelists, excel Mrs. Holmes in the deep and continued interest which her stories always excite. The popularity of her former works attests this.
LENA RIVERS
Is by far the most complete and interesting of anything which she has written, and cannot but add to her already brilliant reputation as a charming writer.
HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL SIDE, by the same Author, uniform with the above. Price \$1.
MILTON & MULLIGAN, Publishers, No. 25 Park-row, N. Y., and No. 107 Genesee st., Auburn.
54-55

FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated Newspaper
REDUCED IN PRICE,
To Six and a Quarter Cents.

NOW THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD!!
This splendid Weekly Paper has just closed its Second Volume. The Two Volumes contain nearly

One Thousand Engravings,
Which have been produced at an Expense of over
Thirty Thousand Dollars.

It is generally admitted that no Paper has ever been produced in this country which can at all compare with the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Every event of importance is illustrated with a rapidity hitherto unattempted in this country.

It has portraits of all the living celebrities, New Churches, Public Buildings, and Arts and Sciences are duly illustrated. It also contains the best Original Romances of the day, beautifully illustrated, short Tales, Anecdotes, Chess, and the Latest Foreign News up to the hour of going to press. Without losing its hitherto distinctive character of a newspaper, it will assume much more of a literary nature. In addition to the above features it will have thrilling adventures, novelettes, discoveries, inventions, useful hints to everybody, and the greatest possible variety of miscellaneous reading matter. While the editorial force and talent of the Paper will be increased the artistic skill will not be diminished. In every department it will be without a rival on this Continent.

REDUCTION IN PRICE!!

The Publisher, in order that his Paper may be placed within the reach of all classes of Readers, has determined to reduce the price of this costly and magnificent Paper to SIX AND A QUARTER CENTS; and this without any deterioration in its literary or artistic ability.

This reduction commenced with No. 52, just issued.
Subscription only THREE DOLLARS (\$3.00) Per Annum (for two volumes.) Subscribers' copies are mailed with unvarying punctuality and regularly every Friday evening. Persons intending to subscribe should send their Orders at once to prevent disappointment, as no more Copies will be printed than just sufficient to supply the actual demand.

With No. 52 was issued (gratis) a magnificent Engraving, 23 by 23 inches.

OUR SAVIOUR AND THE ADULTRESS.

"Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more!"
This Picture is richly worth the price of the whole year's subscription.

INDUCEMENT TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Encouraged by the success which has attended the publication of LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, the Publisher has determined to return to his numerous Subscribers a portion of his Profits in the following manner:

Every Tenth Subscriber will have his MONEY RETURNED by the next mail, and the Paper will be sent GRATUITOUSLY for his Term of Subscription.

Thus, in every 1,000 Subscribers, 100 will have their Money returned, and the Paper sent for Twelve Months, when they remit \$3. Every Subscription, as it is received, by letter or otherwise, at his Office, 12 Spruce street, New York, will be registered in a book kept by the Publisher himself.

The Prize Numbers will be 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 and 100 in each Hundred. Persons obtaining any of these Numbers will have their Money returned and the Paper sent free as above.

TERMS TO CLUBS:

One Copy,	1 Year,	\$1.
One do,	1 Year,	35.
Two do,	1 Year,	65.
Or one Copy,	2 Years,	1.25.
Five Copies,	1 Year,	2.15.
Ten do,	1 Year,	4.00.
Twenty Copies,	1 Year,	8.00.

OFFICE, 12 & 14 Spruce street, New York.

D. APPLETON & CO., 346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A NEW, COMPLETE, AND SYSTEMATIC
SERIES OF SCHOOL GEOGRAPHIES.
BY S. S. CORNELL.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

- I.—PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. Small 4to. 96 pp. 12 maps. Beautifully illustrated. Price, 67 cents.
 - II.—INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY. Large 4to. Revised edition, with new and additional maps, and numerous illustrations. Price, 67 cents.
 - III.—HIGH-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS. Geography, large 12mo. 495 pp. Richly illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Atlas, very large 4to. 33 pages of maps. Price, \$1.
- This Series has been prepared by an experienced and accomplished teacher. It is believed that it is the first and only series of School Geographies that is at once practical, systematic, and complete, philosophical in its arrangement, and progressive in its development of the subject. Beginning with elementary principles, the pupil is led by gradual, natural, and pleasant steps, to a thorough and intelligent mastery of the science. While care has been taken to have the three works progressive, and so adapted to each other as to form a perfect series, each is complete in itself, and well suited to the grade of school for which it is designed.
A copy of either part of the Series, for examination, will be sent by mail (post-paid) to any teacher or school officer, remitting one half its price. A complete Descriptive Catalogue of Text-books, published by us, will be furnished, upon application by letter or otherwise.

DECEMBER FASHIONS.—The only reliable medium of Fashion is the GAZETTE OF FASHION AND THE BEAU MONDE for December, 1886. No. 4, Vol. 6, contains a splendid colored Steel Plate of Four Figures, double of any fashion plate. It is the only one of its kind in the country or Europe. Also the following beautiful engravings:

- 3 Engravings of Head-dresses.
 - 1 do. Bonnets.
 - 1 do. Trimmings.
 - 1 do. Full dress.
 - 1 do. A Bertha.
 - 1 do. Mantilla.
 - 1 do. Youth's costume.
 - 1 do. Child's hat.
 - 1 do. Children's robes.
 - 1 do. Four full-length figures, with cloaks.
 - 1 do. Children's costumes.
 - 1 do. Head-dresses.
 - 1 do. Robe.
 - 1 do. Walking-dress.
 - 1 do. Shoes.
 - 1 do. Full-length gentlemen's costumes.
 - 1 do. Youth's costume.
 - 1 do. The Imperial nurse.
 - 1 do. The feet of St. Louis.
 - 1 do. Cigar stand.
 - 1 do. Turkish smoking cap.
 - 1 do. Sac Eugene.
 - 1 do. Ottoman or sofa cover.
 - 1 do. Chair cover.
 - 1 do. Head bracelet.
 - 1 do. Urn mat.
 - 1 do. Bishop's sleeve.
 - 1 do. Fume.
 - 1 do. Ladies' baguette.
 - 1 do. Diagrams of ditto.
 - 1 do. Handkerchief corner.
 - 1 do. Tobacco bag.
- Pattern for a palette, by Madame Demorel, and five embroidered patterns, and instructions for the following articles: Cigar stand, Sac Eugene, Chair cover in damask stuff, Bishop's sleeve, Urn mat, braided Tobacco bag, Mosaic, "The Happy Return School-tickles," composed and dedicated to Laura Keane, by Henry C. Watson.

Among the literary articles will be found Our Monthly Review of Fashions and the Industrial Arts—Fashion and the Beau Monde—Music and the Drama—A Chapter for the Ladies—The Work Table—Plants in Sleeping Rooms—Stray Thoughts—Almond Cheese Cakes—Syrup Salutations—Female Conversation—Bathing in Buenos Ayres—Tales of the Opera—The Sinner of Orleans—Women Against Sewing Machines—The Mind and its Education—A Low Voice in Woman—Maid's Maid, Marion—Flowers—Things Worth Knowing, etc., etc.
This is the only recognized work on Fashion published in this country. Terms: 25 cents single copies, or \$4 per annum. Ladies subscribing by the year will save Fifty cents on each subscription. The January number commences a new volume.
One copy of the Gazette, one year, one copy of the New York Journal, and one copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, one year, \$4. OFFICE, 12 & 14 Spruce street, New York.

A RUSH.
THE ADVENTURES OF A ROVING DIPLOMATIST.
By HENRY WIKOFF.
AUTHOR OF "MY COURTSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES." 1 Vol. 12mo. Cloth, price \$1 25.
W. L. PETERHOLD & Co., Publishers, 140 Broadway, Franklin Square.
For Sale by all Booksellers.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL
For December, is now ready, Price 15¢ cents; or \$3 a Year.

CONTENTS:
Susan Merton; or, it is never too late to mend. Wonders of the Heavens. Dover, with illustration. Chinese Funishment, with illustration. Holyrood, with illustration. Shakespeare's Tomb, with illustration. Chinese Shop Signs. How I came to be a Gentleman. The Dead Sea. A Bit of Romance. The Charming of Life. Sir Walter Scott, with illustration. The Source of the Thames, with illustration. A Model Cottage. The Widow of Calmough. A Caravan of Pilgrims. Is Knowledge Power. Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, with illustration. Red and White. Conversation on Nothing. A few grains of Common Sense for Fathers and Fathers. Napoleon's Tomb. Modern Ghosts, with illustration. Use of Cosmetics. General Post Office, London, with illustration. Margaret; or, the Discarded Queen, with illustration. Eyebright. Morocco, with illustration. Grizzly Bear of California, with illustration. Independence Rock, with illustration. Tartars of the Valley of Baldar. Crimes, with illustration. Lecture on Vision. Pete Saloons of Baden, with illustration. The Count. The Bible in Sardinia. Herring Fishery, with illustration. Electrical Machine, with illustration. Scientific—The Crust of the Earth; Sound. Summer, poetry. A Good Woman described by a Good Book. Facetiae, with Comic illustrations. OFFICE, 12 & 14 Spruce street, New York.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER. A Tale of the SOUTH. By BILL BRANLEY. is now Publishing for the first time in the LEDGER OF ROMANCE. This is the beautiful Weekly Paper which contains so much interesting Matrimonial correspondence. Only Four Cents per Copy, or Two Dollars per Annum. Office, 12 & 14 Spruce street, and to be had of all News Agents.

The Beautiful Print,
23x33 INCHES,
OF
OUR SAVIOUR AND THE ADULTRESS,
is PRESENTED GRATIS WITH
NO. 52 OF
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Price, Six and a quarter Cents.
This Number also contains the commencement of the beautiful Romance, by J. F. SMITH, of
A PREP BEHIND THE SCENE.
An Extra Edition is now ready.

FINE ARTS.
GOUPI & CO.
PRINT PUBLISHERS & ARTISTS' COLORMEN.
366 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Engravings, Oil Paintings, Artists Materials, Frames, &c.
— 75

INSTRUCTION.
MADAME PATANIA D'ERLY, Pupil of GARCIA, BRAMBILLA, and Madame D'AMOREAU, begs leave to inform the Public that, at the solicitation of her friends, she will give private lessons in singing at her Residence, 110 Fourth Avenue. For price and conditions, inquire on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 3 to 5 P.M.
54-55

MISCELLANEOUS.
NEWEST STYLES.—Ladies, before purchasing New Bonnets, Dresses, Cloaks or other Garments, should consult FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION. It is the only reliable authority. They will thus escape the mortification of finding, when too late, that they have purchased old styles. Can be had at all Book Stores.

YOUNG & JAYNE, Carpet Warehouse, 364 BROADWAY, corner of Franklin Street, opposite Taylor's Saloon. Respectfully invite attention to their Extensive and Desirable Stock of Carpets, Floor Oil Cloth, Curtain Materials, Mattresses, &c. &c. Also, Canton and Cocoa Matting, Mats, Rugs, Druggists, Stair Rods, Shades, &c., in every Variety and at the lowest Rates.
54-55

THE HOLIDAYS ARE COMING.—LADIES see that you are prepared to receive your friends in a becoming manner, by calling upon John H. Babcock, No. 545 Broadway, opposite Niblo's, and selecting from his Establishment such Articles as you require for the Table, such as the finest of OLD WINES and LIQUORS; the freshest and choicest FRUITS, fine flavored Cigars, and other Family Stores. Every Article sold, guaranteed as represented.
0009

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—To Mothers.
SORE BREASTS are a sad drawback on the pleasure of maternity. This Ointment at once allays the inflammation, and heals the excoriated nipple. It is equally prompt in its curative action upon eruptions, sores, whitlows, and all external hurts. Sold at all manufacturing, No. 50 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 24 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 50c., and \$1 per pot.

PHALON'S CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR.
TOR.—The most complete article of the kind ever before offered to the public. It has stood the test of twenty years in this country, and not one of the many hundreds of imitations have been able to compete with it for preserving, dressing, and beautifying the hair, and keeping the head clear from dandruff, &c. It is instantaneous; in short, it is everything the hair requires. Price, 50c. and \$1 per bottle.
Made and sold by E. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Day street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States.
0009

337 BROADWAY, Opposite the TABERNACLE.
EMPORIUM of all kinds of India Rubber Goods. A large stock of Novelties suitable for the approaching Holiday season, including Dressed and Painted Dolls, Toys, Balls, Pens and Pencil Cases, Combs, Cans, Overalls and Boots of the latest style and superior finish, made expressly for the City Retail Trade, and at very low prices.
52-54 HENRY DAVENPORT.

PHALON'S MAGIC HAIR DYE.—One of the very best Natural Dyes in the world. Its long use has proved it to be beyond comparison; and, being a vegetable production, no injury can possibly be done to the skin. It is easily applied, and you can obtain a black or a brown which will defy the best judges to tell it from nature itself. Price, \$1 and \$1 50 per box.
Made and sold by E. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Day street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States.
0009

WIGS AND ALL ARTICLES OF HUMAN HAIR. at BARKER'S great Wig and Hair Repository 439 Broadway, sole office for the sale of his celebrated Hair Dye, warranted not to stain the skin nor burn the hair. Orders through Express attended to with punctuality and in a satisfactory manner. Please cut this out.
12 mo 25-25

MOORE & SHELLEY'S, 630 BROADWAY.
Three Doors above Laura Keane's Theatre. Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Importers of Choice Wines and Brandies. Also the finest brands of Cigars. Shilken Cakes, French conserves, Sweets and Pies. — Wines in any quantity for the Holidays. Family orders for the above solicited.

PHALON'S PAPHIAN LOTION, OR FLORAL BEAUTIFIER.—A great Cosmetic for beautifying the Skin and Complexion, and for curing Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, Scalds, Burns, &c. A sure and safe cure for the Piles—one washing will give instant relief. After shaving, it is very soothing to the skin. It keeps the hands soft and white, and for all inflammations of the skin it will be found to be a great remedy. Price, \$1 per bottle.
Made and sold by E. PHALON, at 197 Broadway, corner of Day street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y., and all Druggists and Fancy Stores throughout the United States.
0009

WILLIAM HONNIWELL, 11 Park Row,
OPPOSITE ASTOR HOUSE.
Would most respectfully ask the attention of Strangers and Citizens to his superior Mole-skin Dress Hats, &c. Also to his extra fine SOFT HATS of all styles, with an assortment of Caps, Carpet Bags, and Umbrellas.
N. B.—Hats made to order at short notice.
25-25

MOTT'S INVINCIBLE TUBULAR OVEN RANGE.

DURING the short period since they were introduced, have become so great a favorite with the Public by one recommending them to another, that sales have increased to so great an extent that we have been compelled to increase our foundry to meet the demand. The ovens are constructed on an entirely new principle, (recently patented), so as to give the greatest amount of heat with the smallest quantity of coal. We have three sizes, with or without Water Backs. We warrant all our Ranges that are set by us when used, as per card of directions. Please call and examine the Range, and satisfy yourself.
THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS,
254 & 256 Water Street, New York.
We also manufacture Stoves, Furnaces, Cast Iron Pipes, Garden Vases, Mott's Patent School Furniture, &c.
0009

GRAY, COOK & MERRITT, WHOLESALE STATIONERS, 18 BEEKMAN STREET, New York.

IMPORTERS AND SOLE AGENTS
FOR
WINDSOR AND CLIFTON MILLS "FIRST PREMIUM PAPERS."
These Papers comprise a series of Caps, Letters, Batts and Commercial Note, which in neatness of design, beauty of style, excellence of finish, intrinsic value and low prices, are truly unequalled by any Papers offered in the United States, for which a GOLD MEDAL and a DIPLOMA have been awarded by the American Institute.

FOSTER'S IMPROVED PENCIL SHARPENER.
A very superior Article for Sharpening the Pencil, in the best style, without injuring the Lead. Their use in the drawing-class of the Free Academy and other Schools in the City of New York alone, will save one-fourth of the cost for pencils as at present sharpened with the knife. Also for
GREEN'S IMPROVED INK ERASER AND PAPER CLEANER.
This article will remove Writing, and improve the surface of the paper without the use of pounce, and remove Pencil Marks quicker than any pencil rubber.—Trade Mark—"G. C. & M."

N. B.—Blank Books furnished to order; also an extensive assortment of Fancy Articles, including gold pens and pencils. Ladies' Reticules, Card Cases, Portfolios, Work Boxes, Writing and Dressing Cases, Ivory Chessmen, together with many elegant articles suitable for the Holiday Trade.
18 BEEKMAN STREET.
25-27

THOMAS A. WILMURT,
LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE-FRAME MANUFACTURER
653 Broadway, near Bleeker Street.
FRAMES REPAIRED.
We are constantly getting up original designs and combinations of ornament, including a superb design by Col. T. B. Thompson, composed of the COTTON PLANT, in all its stages of growth.
0009

SALERATUS.—Those who want perfectly wholesome Saleratus, will inquire for that manufactured by the undersigned, which cannot be excelled in strength and purity, as we guarantee it to be free from any trace of deleterious matter. For sale to the trade by JOHN DWIGHT & Co., No. 11 Old Slip.
12 mo 24-25

THE ONLY SNUFF WORTH A SNUFF
IS DUBNO'S CELEBRATED CATARRH SNUFF, FOR SORE EYES, DRYNESS, PAIN IN THE HEAD, AND THE WORST FORMS OF CATARRH. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents, in stamps or specie, from the Depot of the Proprietor and Manufacturer, J. DUBNO, Albany, N. Y.
6 mo 23-25

JONES' SUPERIOR FLAVORING EXTRACTS OF VANILLA, ROSE, Lemon, Peach, Bitter Almond, Celery, Ginger, &c., &c., for flavoring custards, cakes, loaves, jellies, blanc manges, ice-cream, &c. These Extracts have justly obtained a wide-spread celebrity for the identity and purity of their flavors. Jones' Extract of Cuchinal, for giving a bright and beautiful color to fancy dishes, is a desideratum long sought for. Ladies discernment and taste use these articles in preference to all others. Price of each 25 cents per bottle. Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by
JOHN JONES, Druggist, 722 Houston street, New York.
12 mo 9-11

FOR A PURGE take Ayer's Pills.
FOR A COLD take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR COUGHS take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR INDIGESTION take Ayer's Pills.
FOR HOARSENESS take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR BRONCHITIS take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR RHEUMATISM take Ayer's Pills.
FOR INFLUENZA take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR DROPSY take Ayer's Pills.
FOR CRUPE take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR HEADACHE take Ayer's Pills.
FOR CONSUMPTION take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR A POUL STOMACH take Ayer's Pills.
FOR LUNG COMPLAINT take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
FOR LIVER COMPLAINT take Ayer's Pills.
All Druggists sell them everywhere.
12 mo 25-26

J. HUNT, Gentlemen's Boot and Shoe Store,
No. 430 BROADWAY, New York.
Dress Boots made to order of the best French Calfskin for \$5 75. Stout Boots, \$4. Double-soled Water-proof, \$4 50. Patent Leather Boots, \$6.
J. HUNT would especially call attention to his new style of Wellington Boots, coming above the knee, outside the pantaloons, so well adapted to the coming season. These Boots will be made from a superior quality of varnished leather, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and will be sold cheaper than at any other establishment in the City. Price from \$7 to \$12.
0009

WHEELER AND WILSON,
MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
IMPROVED SEWING MACHINES
for Family Sewing and all manufacturing purposes. Machines in Practical Operation and for sale at the Depot, 243 Broadway.
We received the Gold Medal and Diploma at the Fair of the American Institute, for the best Sewing Machines.
25-27

LADIES' SKIRTS!!! DOUGLAS AND SHERWOOD, WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF LADIES' SKIRTS, of all styles and sizes, are prepared to supply orders to any extent. Wholesale Buyers from all parts of the country are invited to call and examine their goods at 543 Broadway, New York.
The First Premium was awarded to this firm at the late Fair of the American Institute.
0009

Ledger of Romance,
READY THIS MORNING.
CONTAINS THE BEAUTIFUL TALE BY
BELL BRAMBLE,
OF THE
MISER'S DAUGHTER.
ONLY FOUR CENTS AT ALL NEWS DEPOTS.

LEDGER OF ROMANCE.—Contains the Beautiful Tales of the MISER'S DAUGHTER. THE PRESS GANG. THE PILGRIM. MAUD'S MAID MARIAN. THE MANIA'S STORY, and plenty of short interesting Reading. Only Four CENTS.

LEDGER OF ROMANCE.—Contains the Beautiful Tales of the MISER'S DAUGHTER. THE PRESS GANG. MAUD'S MAID MARIAN. THE MANIA'S STORY, and plenty of short interesting Reading. Only Four CENTS.

LEDGER OF ROMANCE.—Contains the Beautiful Tales of the MISER'S DAUGHTER. THE PRESS GANG. THE PILGRIM. MAUD'S MAID MARIAN. THE MANIA'S STORY, and plenty of short interesting Reading. Only Four CENTS.

DO YOU WANT A WIFE? If so read the Applications from over Eighty Persons who wish to correspond with the opposite sex. Published every Week in the LEDGER OF ROMANCE. Only Four Cents per Copy at all News Depots, or Two Dollars per Annum. Office, 12 & 14 Spruce street, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT A WIFE? If so read the Applications from over Eighty Persons who wish to correspond with the opposite sex. Published every Week in the LEDGER OF ROMANCE. Only Four Cents per Copy at all News Depots, or Two Dollars per Annum. Office, 12 & 14 Spruce street, N. Y.



FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA.

FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA.

SIERRA LEONE is a colonial settlement of West Africa, belonging to Great Britain. The soil, of which only a comparatively small portion is under regular cultivation, is very fertile, growing excellent crops of rice, Indian corn, yams, plantains, pumpkins and cassadas. Many of the West India products have been introduced; and sugar, coffee, indigo, ginger and cotton thrive well. The principal fruits are those of the baobab, cocoa, banana, pineapple, orange, lime, guava, papaw, pomegranate and plum. The forests are extensive, and many of the trees in them are so large, that when converted into canoes they are capable of containing one hundred men. The principal live stock are pigs and goats. Poultry also, particularly guinea fowls, are very abundant. The fisheries, both on the coast and in the rivers, are productive, and employ about two hundred canoes, which occupy from 1,000 to 1,500 men, and realize an annual value of about £4,000. The chief industrial establishments are the factories in which the cocoa-nut is crushed, and the oil extracted and prepared from it. Boat-building is carried on to some extent, and leather is dressed on a small scale. Prompted by a principle of claniship which is so conspicuous a characteristic of the African that it shows itself in the smallest communities, and even among those who have been liberated promiscuously from slavery and settled in the colony, the inhabitants of these little villages consist generally of one tribe or nation, and collectively comprise, with two or three insignificant exceptions, the Kussos and Sherbro, of whom the latter are the most numerous, and whose native land is the most accessible. It is here worthy of notice that both these people, but more particularly the Kussos, are celebrated for the manufacture of "country cloths" from native cotton, which are mostly dyed in various colors and patterns, and constitute, generally, the only garment admitting of a name that is worn by the men, who wear it as a wrapper, and not unfrequently in a manner which might be taken for intuitive good taste. The Sherbro are more remarkable for the beautiful texture and patterns of their mats, hammocks, and other articles of a similar manufacture. An extremely interesting spot on the western shores of the colony, about seven miles from Freetown, has been selected by a few families of this nation, where they are principally engaged in fishing, and in a petty traffic with the canoes which pass along the coast. A more romantic locality, and one more in accordance with their predilections for shade and retirement, and at the same time eligible for their particular pursuits, could scarcely have been chosen; the little village occupying a small clearance completely surrounded by trees and shrubs of luxuriant growth, within the limits of a tongue of land which projects into the sea, and which affords them immediate access at the point to a natural wharf of rocks; and on one side of it to a fine sandy beach of a long bay, abounding with fish. From the peculiar character of the scenery, combined with the national costume and mode of constructing their houses, so different from the prevalent practices in the colony, the casual visitor might imagine himself in the far interior of the continent. The body of their dwellings, whether circular or square, is generally composed of the same materials noticed in the construction of the kitchen in the foregoing sketch; the "wattling" being stouter proportionably to the size of the building, and for the better adhesion of a greater mass of mud within and without in completing the formation of the walls. An upright pole is raised from a cross-beam, from nearly the top of which the rafters radiate to about five feet beyond the tower upon which they rest; and there, having received a connecting bandage, they are supported by wooden pillars; and, the dried grass thatching being applied, the indispensable colonnade is thus formed most frequently round the whole structure. The interior of such dwellings admitting of little light, and that, in most instances, only through two opposite doors, is almost exclusively devoted to repose at night, and regarded in other respects merely as a repository for their household goods or articles of trade; but the colonnade serves all the purposes of the reception-room and council-chamber. It is here the natives most delight to assemble to hold their "palavers," whether in the character of solemn discussions on politics or their municipal laws, or of a desultory chit-chat. It is here, too, the hammock is scarcely less indispensable than the colonnade itself; the head man or chief at such meetings taking it as "the chair," in which he swings with peculiar self-complacency, whilst

his compeers or guests are seated on mats and skins on the raised terrace. The hammock, indeed, is seldom vacated during the day, if in its neighborhood there happens to be an aspirant after the *otium sine dignitate*, which it is so well calculated to afford; and, if a male adult (the ladies never attempt it) is not to be found to enjoy his hour of recreation within it whilst framing wild fancies in the smoke from his tobacco-pipe, some young urchin is pretty sure to scamper into its folds to enjoy the luxury of a swing.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

SIGISMUND THALBERG was born at Geneva, Switzerland, in the month of January, and in the year 1812. From his birth he showed such a preponderating musical taste that it was determined upon educating him as a musician, and he was yet very young when he was carried to Vienna and commenced a thorough musical education. It has been somewhat extensively affirmed that he received lessons from Sechter, but M. Fétis has stated that Thalberg himself has denied this, and we are able to corroborate this assertion of that eminent French critic. Certain it is, that from whomever he received his primary instruction, his talent as an instrumental performer was singularly rapid in its development. Indeed, at the age of fourteen, his talents for the piano were already the subject of conversation in the most musical capital of Germany. He was already recognized as an artist of singular capacity and promise in Vienna. His first step towards reputation was taken. "You have

not yet heard our new marvel," said a well-known professor in that city, when writing to a friend in Paris. "I argue a great future for him. But man proposes and God disposes. I fear that his talent will be swallowed up by his passion for the piano." At present this may strike us as a singular fear when such a host of great musical names are known as connected either wholly or in part with this instrument. But at this time it must be remembered that the piano was anything but that which it has since become. At the period of which we are speaking, it had barely emerged from its musical nonage. Neither in tone nor in compass was it at all capable of embodying the musical thought of a composer as it now does. Years were required for its advancement as an instrument, as years were required to enable the then boy-pianist to make the marvellous stride which he has since done in developing, not only its capacity but the energetic power as well as the delicacy of feeling of which it is susceptible. It was at the age of sixteen that he published his first works. Naturally enough, when he alludes to them, he characterizes them as immature trifles. They are so if they are weighed with his later productions, but are far from being so when taken into consideration with the age at which they were written, and the general condition of pianoforte music at that period. Not only do they display that singularly fluent facility which has always been so pre-eminently one of Sigismund Thalberg's most prominent characteristics, but they possess, in a great degree, that originality which has since placed him at the head of modern pianists, and argue for the future of the boy, who could write them

when no more than sixteen, a progress which his maturity has justified to ourselves. "One who knew Thalberg and what he has since become, whether as pianist or composer," says M. Fétis, "will find it interesting to examine his *Mélange sur les Thèmes d'Euryanthe*," (this was his first published composition,) as well as a Fantasia written by him upon a Scotch air, (his second work,) and his *Impromptu on Motives from the Siège de Corinthe*," (it was his third publication,) all of which appeared in Vienna during 1828. These works all gave evidence of that genius whose promise has subsequently been so nobly fulfilled by him. It was some two years afterward that the young Thalberg, for the first time, visited London. The journals of that day were full of the new musical wonder. England is a fecund enthusiast. She begets native, and receives foreign marvels with a singular delight. She made Thalberg at once an English reputation. *On dit* were circulated about his talents, his education, and his boyhood; he was affirmed to have written an opera at the age of thirteen, (it was true no one had ever seen it.) Romance was woven into his early history, and prophecy indulged itself with his future. For this *four* he had written a *Concerto*, (opus 5;) but it was not for this species of music that his talent was best suited. The constraint of the old classical form of compositions as well as the restraint imposed upon him by the presence of the orchestra, embarrassed rather than aided his natural genius. Certain it is that his first works had been productions of decided promise. It was not, however, until his more matured thought turned towards the development of the sonorous quality of the piano, the apt combinations of various effects, and, above all, to a novelty in composition, of which he is more properly the originator, that he made his first rapid strides in a path, which, for a time, was almost exclusively occupied by him. At the period in which his name first became known, the old school of pianists was divided into two parties or categories. Of these the one was formed of the great harmonists—men such as Mozart and Beethoven. The more brilliant pianists, who followed the fashionable lead of Clementi, (in his day he was the fashion,) formed the other. It is true that minor subdivisions separated either of these two schools. Dussek, by his natural instinct, tended towards the harmonists. Yet his ordinary writing was marked with so much brilliancy and want of musical precision that we are almost forced to locate him amongst the professors and disciples of the other school. Hummel and Moscheles, although professedly belonging to the harmonic school, and in many respects worthy belonging to it, approximated quite as near to the style of Clementi as they did to that of Beethoven and of Mozart. Either school was, however, at this period embarrassed by the comparative imperfections of the instrument upon which they



SIGISMUND THALBERG. AMBROTTYPED BY BRADY.

(Continued on page 43.)